

# Américas

**Annual Travel Issue**

**HOW TO KEEP  
HEALTHY WHILE  
TRAVELING**

**LATEST MAP OF THE  
PAN AMERICAN  
HIGHWAY**

**ARGENTINA  
A LA CARTE**

**YOUR HOME IN PERU**

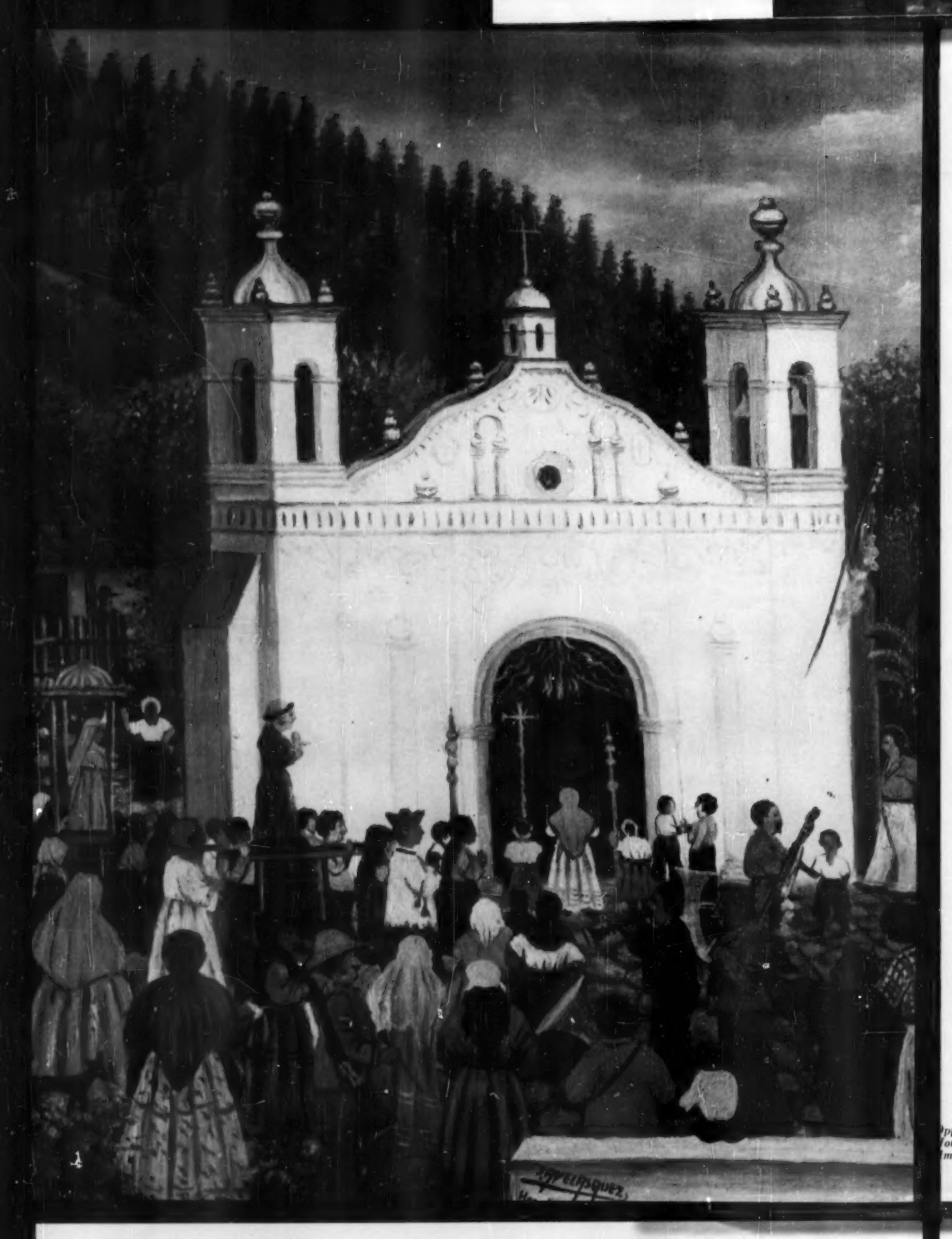
**ART, OR ON ACCOUNT  
OF OROZCO**

A short story by  
William Saroyan

**25**  
cents

*Landing one at Martha's Vineyard  
(see "Continent in Miniature," by  
Henry Beetle Hough, page 17)*





# Américas

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## Dear Reader

Rio de Janeiro and Bogotá are significant names in OAS history. Naturally there are others, revered because they recall either the early beginnings or important advances of the inter-American system. But these two stand for crucial stages, in which Bolívar's thought was molded into a permanent formula, or doctrines patiently worked out over several generations were crystallized in codes or fixed principles.

The delegates to the Bogotá Conference dealt comprehensively with the political and juridical fields. The American Treaty on Pacific Settlement, allowing for variations and improvements, gave juridical standing to the traditional eagerness of our peoples to resolve their controversies peacefully. Social justice and political stability were viewed from an economic standpoint, and the Economic Agreement presented lofty, far-reaching aspirations, though they remained only on paper, not ratified by the member States. But the essential fact was that this meeting was a constituent congress for the New World. The Bogotá Charter is the greatest single book of all America. While its articles were being drawn up, hemisphere solidarity was being forged for all time and the prophetic words of Bolívar's Jamaica Letter were becoming reality.

But it is the link with Rio de Janeiro that gives the results of the Bogotá Conference their meaning. Without the Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, signed in 1947, we could not speak of the strength and efficacy of our inter-American system. Our foremost guarantee of American solidarity is the certainty that we are masters of an excellent means for avoiding war in our lands. But something more is needed. Continental unity cannot be divided into lots, sanctioning chaos or economic disunity alongside political and juridical solidarity. We have taken wise precautions against armed aggression and outside intervention, but we have not yet agreed on a cooperative effort to combat poverty. The recent meeting at Rio provided the historic opportunity for formulating these plans and determining the economic development of our countries and the standard of living of our peoples. For this Hemisphere is determined to be a bulwark of justice, liberty, and peace.

*César Tulio Delgado*

César Tulio Delgado  
Ambassador of Colombia to the OAS

Opposite: Procession in San Antonio de Oriente. Oil of his home town by Honduran primitive painter J. Antonio Velásquez, from the collection of Ambassador Rafael Heliodoro Valle of Honduras



# how to keep healthy while traveling

Wallace B. Alig

SOMEONE has said that "we all contract the diseases we deserve." Perhaps a more accurate and charitable appraisal would be to add a qualifying phrase such as "if we're not careful." In any event, we all run the risk of illness each day of our lives wherever we may be, but it is particularly unpleasant to come down with something when traveling.

When you enter a new country for the first time, you want to sample a little of everything and forget all the worries you left at home without replacing them with new ones involving the trip itself. Yet you've heard a lot of stories; you read in the newspaper that there is polio in the United States and malaria in Brazil. (Of course there is, but usually in isolated localities!) A friend told you he got food poisoning in a New Orleans restaurant, while another blamed his dysentery on that little cafe in Iquitos. You've heard that the citizens of Grundy Center or Caixa Pregos, while outwardly clean in their habits, even sophisticated in talk, manner, and dress, are queer and suspect in personal matters. You've heard this and you've heard that, but, in short, you've only heard. Nothing specific. Carrying it all to a logical conclusion, you can eventually conjure up a picture of every restaurateur in the country you're visiting as a spiritual descendant of Typhoid Mary. Every friendly gesture and invitation becomes a sinister suggestion of the Borgias. Well, relax; simply exercise a little of the good common sense you employ at home and you can have a wonderful time wherever you go. Choose your friends and the places you visit with the same restraint and consideration you give such matters in your home town.

## before you go



Actually, barring chronic disorders or the diseases of childhood and old age, there is little need to worry nowadays that your dream trip through the Americas will turn into a nightmare of illness, if you just take a few simple precautions. Should the worst happen, virtually all the major cities of the Hemisphere have modern up-to-date hospitals and skilled doctors.

First among the precautions is a general medical check-up by your physician, whom you should ask for a certificate of good health to carry with you. Health requirements vary according to the kind of visa sought—business, residence, and so on—but let's assume that you are a tourist for whom a trip abroad is a special occasion.

Then there are vaccinations. Smallpox is a must, not only for your own safety, but because of various countries' quarantine requirements. Yellow-fever vaccination may be required, depending upon the countries of travel. For your own safety, typhoid-paratyphoid immunization

is recommended. Get your vaccinations several weeks before departure, for it takes time to develop immunity after receiving them—weeks or even months, depending on the disease. Your doctor should record them, together with his signature, in the International Certificate of Vaccination obtained from your local health authorities.

Curiously, smallpox certificates are more carefully examined than any other immunization, owing in part to the longer incubation period. Methods of control have existed since the beginning of the nineteenth century. While it still occurs in many places in Latin America and the United States, it is generally a mild form ("alastrim"), and some cases are really chicken pox incorrectly diagnosed. As a result of strict immunization requirements, no smallpox has been introduced in the United States from abroad for over six years, and none occurred in Mexico in 1952 and 1953. It is rare in Central America. Guatemala and Nicaragua had a few cases in 1953, but El Salvador, Costa Rica, and Panama haven't reported any in recent years.

Typhoid and paratyphoid fever can be contracted even at home, from something as simple as contaminated food or water. Tetanus immunization is recommended because the organism is widespread in more primitive areas and is contracted from the scratch of a rusty nail or piece of barbed wire. As a conscientious citizen of your community, you probably have been immunized against these already, but better check with your doctor to see if you need booster shots. Carrying your International Certificate of Vaccination can be invaluable in this regard. A friend of mine arrived in Guayaquil, Ecuador, without hers. She knew she needed a booster shot—for typhoid, she thought. Imagine her embarrassment on her return home to find that it should have been for tetanus. If your children of fifteen or under are accompanying you, make sure they are inoculated against diphtheria, which is found all over the world, unless the Schick test shows they are immune. The diphtheria vaccine is usually given to children in a combination dose that includes protection against whooping cough and tetanus.

Although epidemic yellow fever has been conquered throughout the Hemisphere, injections against it, whether epidemic or the jungle form, are highly advisable if you are bound to or from—you must remember you might transmit it before taking ill—any of the zones where it still occurs in forest animals. This jungle form of the disease, transmitted by forest mosquitoes and spread by monkeys, accounted for the recent epidemic in Trinidad. One U.S. traveler recently found how carefully the authorities enforce their rulings when she tried to take a ship from Brazil to Port-of-Spain, where she planned to transfer to an airplane to complete the journey. Although she was to be on the island for only a couple of hours, she would not be permitted to re-enter the United States without being immunized.



While there are at present no epidemics of typhus anywhere in the world, nor is it likely that there ever will be again except in case of great national catastrophes such as war and famine, shots are recommended if your journey might bring you to primitive areas where inhabitants may have lice or where rats abound. According to the U.S. Public Health Service, typhus still exists "as more than a negligible factor" in parts of Mexico—including Mexico City—in Ecuador, and in Peru. As a result of delousing campaigns, it seems to be disappearing in Central America and Colombia. Cases found in the West Indies, Venezuela, and Brazil are predominantly of the murine, or flea-borne, type, transmitted from rats to man by rat fleas, a milder form than that transmitted by lice.

There is no doubt that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, but you'll always run into someone who scorns your care. Worse yet, people like this sometimes do not get their come-uppance. A man I know went to Mexico City with a group of friends. Everyone except him had all the shots, took all the precautions. Who got sick? The man? No, his friends, but he had the luck of the devil. Let it be added, however, that his friends were not so sick and recovered more quickly than would otherwise have been the case.



## for the safari-minded

What if you stray from the beaten path? There will be times, especially in the tropics and in rural, isolated sections of the Americas, when you will be in doubt, without friends to advise you. Then you must remember that untreated water is generally contaminated. Unless you are reliably assured that centrally distributed water is safe, you should boil or treat all you use. This includes water for brushing teeth, for making ice cubes, and for carbonated drinks (contrary to popular belief, carbonation does not kill germs). Water boiled from three to five minutes may be considered entirely safe. If this is not convenient, use iodine water-purification tablets, which you can secure from your druggist before going away. Health authorities consider this the safest and simplest chemical water purifier on the market today (the more familiar "Halazone," while satisfactory, takes longer to act on amoebae and is less palatable). In Brazil many people install water filters in their homes, but these do not give full protection if not cleaned frequently. For prevention of skin disease, water used for bathing and laundering should come from a treated source. Swimming in salt water is usually safe, provided you determine no sharks, barracuda, or other carnivorous fish are about, but be sure your beach is sufficiently removed from contaminated fresh-water streams and sewage outlets. Remember, too, that if you bathe indiscriminately in tropical swimming pools without continual filtration and/or chlorination, you run the risk of developing fungus infec-

tions. Frequent baths are a good prophylaxis against fungi, particularly in hot climes.

Food carries most of the diseases transmitted by contaminated water. Spoilage, especially of meat and dairy products, occurs rapidly in the tropics. In many places there are inadequate refrigeration, storage, and inspection facilities. Food handlers may still be unsanitary in their personal hygiene practices, and slaughtered animals may contain parasites that, unless they are destroyed by cooking, may cause serious intestinal disease. If you use canned food, you will ordinarily be safe, but remember that once the can is opened, the contents are exposed to the same contamination as other edibles. Unless you are sure of their source, eat raw fruits and vegetables only if you skin them yourself and start with unbroken skins that have been washed in purified water. Otherwise, boil or bake them.

Unpasteurized milk, too, is potable only if boiled, but canned evaporated or condensed and powdered milks are safe substitutes if you use treated or boiled water to prepare them. Don't add unsafe milk to hot or cold drinks. Beware of ice cream and other cream preparations that may be made from contaminated milk. Avoid cold pastries, custards, meringues, soft cheeses, and similar dishes unless you know they have been reliably prepared.

Insects not only are a nuisance but may carry diseases. The mosquito, of course, is one of the most vexatious, and may carry malaria, filariasis, or dengue. Black flies and midges are apt to be troublesome in some areas. Of the non-flying insects, a rash of bites on the lower legs may be due to fleas that suck blood and return to the floor or ground; bedbugs are not guilty of transmitting disease; lice are acquired by direct contact with people already afflicted and are easily abolished by rather simple measures. Except for malaria, precautions against bites are adequate to prevent diseases and at the same time to decrease the nuisance.

Flying insects, if in a closed space such as a hotel room, are easily killed or stunned by the use of an aerosol bomb. If in the open, a skin repellent—of which there are several good ones on the market—will suffice. For fleas try a sprinkling of 10 per cent DDT powder, which may also be used on the hair or clothes to kill lice.

Malaria, transmitted by the *Anopheles* mosquito, is still a disease you're likely to find in tropical America and even in the U.S.A. Suppressive treatment with drugs is recommended for any trips you might make into the jungle or mountainous areas where the threat is particularly great. By taking two tablets a week of chloroquin, available in most drug stores, chances are you will be protected against the disease. However, there is one type that chloroquin suppresses but does not cure; once contracted, it lies dormant until after the chloroquin is discontinued. Then it strikes in mild form. Another preparation—primaquine—cures this type of malaria and the other as well, but should be taken only under a doctor's care. Additional protection is afforded by sleeping under netting or in screened bedrooms and remaining in screened buildings after nightfall, and by wearing suffi-

cient clothing to cover the body, including "mosquito boots" or two pairs of stockings.

You've heard a great deal about venomous spiders, centipedes, and scorpions. The one spider that inflicts a dangerous bite is the black widow, which is as likely to turn up in a Maryland garage as in an Amazon shelter. Contrary to general belief, the tarantula—a large, hairy critter—can only inflict a mild bite. Tropical centipedes and scorpions can sting dangerously, but you have to go primitive to be exposed. In such places residents can prescribe simple measures to guard against them.

Horrendous stories are heard about snakes. They make good telling but are almost always exaggerated. Your chances of seeing a poisonous snake are remote—let alone your chances of encountering one. However, if you are wandering in a snake-infested area, wear substantial leather or canvas boots and don't put your hand on rock ledges, tree trunks, logs, or the like without looking first.

Of course such advice is strictly for the bushwacking traveler, North or South (a Chilean we know claims bitterly that a camping trip in the Michigan woods, which left her with a flourishing case of poison ivy—a disease unknown in Chile—is far more primitive than a jungle safari in South America).

## relax and enjoy it



As for the more conventional spots, it is just as sensible not to overtax yourself in oppressively hot climates as on mountain tops, where altitude sickness has a definite nuisance value. Take it easy up there; don't overdo or overeat, and rest frequently. Slow down on drinking and smoking. One healthy Iowan promptly passed out on one weak highball the night of arrival in nine-thousand-foot-high Bogotá. If you have high blood pressure or heart trouble, check with your doctor before ascending to the lofty cities.

Even at sea level restraint is recommended. For instance, the effects of exposure to the sun are more intense in tropical regions than elsewhere. If you have a fair skin, you are especially susceptible. So if you want a sun tan, acquire it gradually and without exposing too much of the body at one time—preferably in the early morning or late afternoon. Wear light, well-ventilated clothing and change it often. Use bath powder after bathing to protect your skin. Sun glasses and a covering for your head are recommended. If you are obliged to exercise considerably or work in the heat, drink large quantities of water and take additional salt to replace that lost by perspiration. In many places, you'll find a siesta after lunch a sensible idea.

In short, moderation in everything is as good a rule for traveling as for everyday living. Above all, keep a healthy attitude toward everything and everybody wherever you go, and you'll reap a rich reward in new friends and adventures. ♦ ♦ ♦

# Argentina *à la carte*

## GOOD EATING

## UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Jaime Potenze

NO ONE who has tried to polish off a portion of clam or lobster chowder "for one" in the Buenos Aires seafood restaurants El Pescadito (The Little Fish) or El Tiburón (The Shark) would ever suspect the dire food situation that prevailed around there four centuries back.

It was the year of grace 1535 and Pedro de Mendoza had just founded the city of Buenos Aires, surrounded by a wall three feet thick for protection from Indian raids. According to Ulrico Schmidl, "what was built today came down tomorrow." But, after all, the conquistadors came prepared for a struggle. The worst of it was that "in addition the people had nothing to eat and some died of hunger while all suffered great scarcity, to the point where...everything—even shoes and hides—had to be eaten."

In the old days—again according to Schmidl—the ration for soldiers sent up the Paraná River consisted of three half-ounces of hardtack per day, as a result of which half the complement generally died on these voyages.

Today the people of Buenos Aires face very different dietary problems. Any tourist who enters one of the thousand second-hand bookstores on Corrientes Street—a sort of Broadway on which movie houses, theaters, and milk bars are interspersed with the bookshops—will note that books having to do with food are the most popular among browsers. *El Libro de Doña Petrona*, a sort of culinary encyclopedia by Petrona C. de Gandulfo, has achieved the staggering total of forty-five editions, despite the fact that it is an expensive book. (Given the law of compensations, it is not surprising that the Spanish version of Victor H. Lindlahr's *Eat—and Reduce!* is another best-seller in Argentina.)

As a result, the authorities, instead of worrying about scarcities, warn the inhabitants about the dangers of high blood pressure. Indeed, the tendency to overeat seems to have prevailed back as far as 1749, when the Indian



*Elegance is at its height in expensive dining room of Alvear Palace Hotel, which specializes in international cuisine*

chief Concoloncorvo of Cuzco visited our land. He found even the dogs so fat they could scarcely move and mice going out for fresh air at night because they had more than enough to eat in the house. "Meat is so abundant," he reported, "that it is carried in quarters by the cartful to the plaza, and if a whole quarter slips off, as I have seen, the driver does not get down to recover it even if someone tells him; and even if a beggar happens by, he will not take it to his house because he doesn't want the work of carrying it." The reader might well ask what induced the beggars to continue exercising their profession, but let's leave that problem to the historians.

At any rate, the Argentine republic today is one of the places in the world where the people eat best—and

most. The two are not always—indeed, are never, according to dietitians—compatible. The tourists who reach our shores have heard marvels about our meat. I recall that Inez Robb, famous correspondent of International News Service, when asked what her program was to be in Buenos Aires, replied: "First of all, breakfast on a beefsteak, then a beefsteak for lunch, and, in the evening, beefsteak."

The order was sufficiently explicit not to need commentary, but an orthodox Argentine could have asked her: "And what do you plan to do at teatime?" For the classic three meals a day of the United States are supplemented in Argentina, especially in the large cities, by afternoon tea, which may be coffee or maté instead of tea

*Argentina's 1954 soccer champions, the "Boca Juniors," celebrate at El Pesca'ito, famous Buenos Aires sea-food restaurant*





but is rarely omitted. Any foreigner who enters a public or private office between four and five in the afternoon will observe that at a given moment work is halted while someone pushes a little wagon around dispensing cups and biscuits, bread, or croissants. The employees drop their work with the spontaneity of one performing a rite that is taken for granted. It makes no difference that they breakfasted at eight and consumed a lunch that may have consisted of soup, one or two main courses, and dessert. Four hours have passed, and one must not leave one's stomach empty and then have to stoke up on vitamins.

As we all know, the custom of having tea came from England. This might make you suppose that the English style of eating is followed in Argentina, but that would be as false as to assume we use British spelling. We have our own system, which is fundamentally different from that of England or of the United States. A North American who went into an Argentine teahouse or café early in the morning and tried to get a breakfast of ham and eggs or cornflakes with cream would be looked upon as an inhabitant of some strange planet. For in this country breakfast never deviates from coffee or tea with milk and toast, croissants, or white bread with butter and marmalade. Some sybarite may prefer hot chocolate, along with the other ingredients mentioned, and there is even a song that goes:

When the happy day comes  
And the happy morning  
When they will bring the two of us  
Chocolate in bed.

In the countryside, the fire is lit at dawn and the famous *maté* (sometimes called Paraguay tea) is prepared. It is a specialty so typical of the southernmost lands of the Hemisphere that such diverse figures as the French Thomist philosopher Jacques Maritain and Jack Dempsey have had their pictures taken sipping it. But the traveler seeking its caffeine stimulation will find another surprise. *Maté* is consumed in private but never sold publicly in restaurants. The would-be taster must visit some farm in the interior or make friends with city dwellers who are lovers of tradition. Then he will be offered *maté*, sweet or bitter, and a share of the metal *bombilla*—the local counterpart of the ordinary straw. Just as it would never occur to a well-bred Indian to mention aseptis in connection with the peace pipe, the mere suggestion that fifty mouths touching one *bombilla* might have an unhygienic aspect would be inconceivable and offensive to *criollo* Argentines.

But let us return to solid food. To understand our way of eating, one must note that the abundance Concolorvo described came from Spain, for the Indians hunted on a small scale, and river fish, corn, manioc, potatoes, and fruit made up a monotonous diet all over America. Spain brought cows, sheep, and grains from Europe, and adapted grapevines and cultivated fruit trees to American soils. Everything prospered in a fertile, virgin land.

The society of the Argentine colonial era and the first years of independence was simple and patriarchal: it ate abundantly but was content with its traditional and almost unvarying menus, which were practically the same in city and country. To the classic dishes of roast meat



Succulent fruits, nuts, and cheeses enliven greengrocer's store in Buenos Aires

were added others prepared with native ingredients: the *locro*, a Quechua dish of white corn or wheat, with plenty of meat, sausage, and various vegetables seasoned with piquant spices; the thoroughly Argentine *carbonada*, with squash, meat, corn, peaches, and sugar; the delicate *humita en chala* (another name of Quechua origin), prepared with grated and well-seasoned sweet corn carefully wrapped in the corn shucks. The items made with kneaded wheat flour took on national forms and appurtenances, particularly the famous local *empanada*—which allows a thousand variations in filling according to the province where it is served—the delicious patties, the big platter cakes, and the sweet *alfajores*. The pastry of these local delicacies is somewhat coarser than the French *pâte feuilletée* or *brisée*. It is made with shortening and white flour and is solid and tasty. Fillings run the gamut from those of succulent spiced meats, raisins, olives, and generously seasoned hard-boiled eggs in the *empanadas* of Salta, Tucumán, and Córdoba, to delicious variants of corn or cheese and the candied quince or sweet potato of the patties. *Alfajores* are roundish sandwiches of a smooth and sugary pastry, combined with a generous portion of *dulce de leche* or nougat. Along with a certain kind of superlatively sweet confections prepared with various plant syrups and the traditional squash and sweet potato, they were the classic delicacies up to the beginning of this century.

The *dulce de leche* deserves a paragraph of its own, for it is one of the triumphs of *criollo* cooking. You need several quarts of milk, sugar, and a touch of vanilla to make this dish, which no longer ranks as a dessert today except on a very informal table or the children's menu, but is an excellent addition to the pantry. The hours of stirring required by the traditional recipe can be saved by a modern shortcut—just boiling a can of condensed milk in water for a couple of hours, which produces something with a similar flavor.

All the dishes I have mentioned still survive, but not so much in the city, for not all cooks know how to prepare them properly. In the provinces, and especially in

the country, they are customarily the culminating point of festivities. True, meat continues to be the basic food everywhere, but no longer in the single form of the barbecue over the coals, except in the country. The cuisine has become cosmopolitan.

Commenting on our carnivorousness in a recent speech, the President of the Republic declared:

...The meat supply is somewhat short. But I believe that is all to the good, for thus we give the Argentine liver a much-needed rest. Since we fail to obey our doctors when they tell us we eat too much meat, it is very useful for nature to contribute to the defense of our health. I am willing for an Argentine to complain about anything but the lack of meat...The United States has ...80,000,000 head of cattle. With them it feeds the 160,000,000 Americans and still exports a great deal of meat. We Argentines are only 18,000,000 people and we have 45,000,000 beef cattle and 40,000,000 lambs, yet we have hardly any meat to export and still complain that we don't eat enough meat. Each of us eats for five North Americans, and they are the best-fed people in the world.

Let's sit down at the table of a typical Buenos Aires family. It is noon, and time for lunch. The meal begins with a plate of hot soup, considered essential for growing children. It is made with a beef bone and seasoned with vegetables, usually squash, onions, peas, cabbage, and garlic. Red sausages add color, and loin or breast meat contributes added flavor. If you want a thinner broth, you can use the skin. This is the native *puchero*, which differs from the Spanish variety in having more meat but fewer ingredients. In the occasional home that follows tradition the *puchero* is followed by a plate of rice or lentils with chicken giblets or kidneys. Afterwards comes dessert, which may consist of one or two fruits, a custard, or cheese and candied quince or sweet potato. After the dishes have been cleared away, a little coffee is brought in. We Argentines can't conceive of drinking coffee with the meal, as shown in some U.S. movies. To us, that is as repulsive as it is preposterous. In our country the dinner courses are accompanied by white or red wine. Invalids drink milk, but it is better to do so in private to avoid provoking the disapproval of other diners.

After this "lunch," the citizen goes back to work to wait for teatime. At nine he dines on soup followed by

a roast of beef or lamb and fruit before coffee.

Of course, this menu is subject to variation. On Sunday, the traditional family will substitute noodles, ravioli, or *capelletti* and stew for the meat course. The young people are much less conservative in food questions, and have taken their place in the international battle with the scales. Argentine girls, even those without higher education, know all there is to know about carbohydrates, proteins, and calories. "Infallible" prescriptions for losing many pounds in a few days are furiously exchanged. Their success—or the perseverance of their devotees—is attested to by the fact that the firms that sell reducing pills are among the most prosperous in the city. People think that if some magic preparation will tilt the balance to the left, there's no reason not to take it, despite the protests of specialists in endocrinology.

But the tourist need not concern himself with these details. When he comes to Buenos Aires, he will want to know where he can eat the typical dishes of the country. Looking in the classified section of the telephone book, he will be surprised to see that the list of restaurants begins on page 423 and ends on 427. He will read advertisements praising to the heavens *empanadas a la gallega*, shellfish, genuine Italian cooking, "the true international cuisine," German beer, and chop suey. He will learn that in Tres Sargentos Street there is a typical Spanish spot run by the ex-manager of the Horcher Restaurant in Madrid and the ex-chef of the Biarritz Casino. But if he wants to eat *carbonada* or *humita en chala* he must go to the provinces. The roast-in-the-hide itself is practically a memory now from less dizzy times, when people were not in such a hurry and the cooks could choose special meat and gild it over a slow fire.

But tradition is one thing and the present is another. So the tourist will head for the places where the best meat is served, whether as plain beefsteak, chilled beef, baby-beef or T-bone. Number 746 Entre Ríos Street will be his goal. There, in the restaurant called La Estancia, he will find the best meat and, incidentally, the most interesting personalities in the city. There Gene Tierney and Rory Calhoun drew inspiration for their roles in *The Way of a Gaucho*, ordering the most "gaucho" dishes in the place before heading for location in Córdoba or Mendoza. In the same room, Jack Dempsey, who knows something about running a restaurant himself, could be seen sharing a barbecue with his rival of other years, Luis Angel Firpo. When I asked the proprietor what internationally famous people visited La Estancia, his reply was "Absolutely all of them, just ask." And the list ranged from the celebrated cancer specialist Dr. Pack to the French rugby team that recently toured Argentina.

But La Estancia is not the only place that serves good meat. La Cabaña, three blocks away, also specializes in cuts of Herefords, Shorthorns, and Aberdeen Angus, and there you can see "all Buenos Aires," from the leading stage, movie, and radio stars to the best known soccer players, who incidentally are the people who can pay the checks without blinking. La Tablita, in the center of town at Maipú 543, around the corner from almost all the important movie theaters, serves its meat on wooden



In country renowned for its beefsteaks, butcher offers every variety of meat

plates so that it won't cool off. This isn't a bad idea, because the portions are so big that they take half an hour to eat at normal speed. Anyone who wants to mix meat and sports can visit the Napoli at Bouchard 470, facing Luna Park, where all kinds of sports events are held, from boxing to the world billiard championship. And it's not unusual to see Archie Moore, Sandy Saddler, or Kid Gavilán there regaining strength with "the best meat in the world" after a bout. This is a popular restaurant, and all kinds of people eat there. Highbrows will be better off at the Shorthorn Grill, Corrientes 634.

El Pescadito and El Tiburón, at Pedro de Mendoza 1475 and 1561, respectively, are the most famous of the restaurants specializing in sea food. Curiously, tins of oil, bottles of wine, hams, and various kinds of sausages hang from the ceiling. But you soon get used to this strange atmosphere and dig with relish into the fish chowder, little squids, or crayfish with sauce. At the same time, this will give you an excuse for visiting the famous Boca del Riachuelo, a supposedly typical district, where there is a Republic of La Boca with its own authorities. Painters, sculptors, and poets have made this neighborhood their stronghold. In it is a school given by Quinquela Martín and decorated by him with paintings



Mutton barbecued in the skin over open fire is traditional dish of Argentine countryside

depicting the life of the port workers, which no one should miss. At the same time, you can admire the museum of ships' figureheads on the top floor and a collection of paintings by Argentine artists.

Those wishing a quick snack before the movies or theater can try an Argentine specialty: soufflé potatoes. The best place for this is El Palacio de las Papas Fritas, at Lavalle 763, in the midst of the movie district. This restaurant advertises that it's always lunchtime there, and to judge by the crowds at its tables from before noon to two or three in the morning, they're right. Of course, some people prefer less crowded places, and for them we recommend the conservative London Grill at Reconquista 455, subtitled Oyster Bar, where you can ask for anything in English with no trouble. True, its prices are as high as those of the most expensive hotels, but you don't

find an oyster bar around every corner in Buenos Aires.

Speaking of hotels, they all have first-class restaurants. In the Plaza you will notice a gentleman dressed in Hindu style who I thought must be one of the principal members of the Indian diplomatic mission in Argentina. One day they explained to me that he was the man in charge of preparing the curry. In the Alvear Palace there is no limit to either the chef's imagination or the prices. The same can be said of the Continental or the Crillon.

In the international field, you can go downstairs to La Pagoda, at Diagonal Norte 616, and ask for swallows' nests or any kind of oriental rice, which will be served with a Chinese sauce tasting richly of ink. That's no joke: the cooks there have managed to make that fluid palatable. Moreover, the waiters are the real thing, which is not too common in Buenos Aires. Those who couldn't get a visa to visit the U.S.S.R. can try the caviar at the Troika on Tres Sargentos Street. But, although the sturgeon eggs are Argentine, they are priced as if they came from Malenkov's private larder. More democratic souls can content themselves with *cannelloni à la Rossini*, *noodles à la Piedmont*, *gnocchi Florentine*, or *capelletti bolognese* in Paraná Street between Corrientes and Sarmiento, where a collection of Italian restaurants offer tasty specialties at very modest prices. If the tourist craves rice *a la valenciana* or tripe *a la madrileña*, the Restaurante Español at Avenida de Mayo and Santiago del Estero can provide it in a pleasant, modern atmosphere with air conditioning. Those who prefer Vienna sausage and beer have the Adam at 1274 Maipú, where it is not unusual to see an elegantly dressed couple ending an evening of night-clubbing at two in the morning, along with a poor theater critic waking himself up with several cups of coffee after sleeping through the show. There are very few French restaurants in Buenos Aires, partly because the French community is small and partly because those there are tried to compensate for the lack of customers by charging the few who went there as much as a full house would have paid. However, at the Rivoli, at Maipú and Corrientes, you can eat well at reasonable prices. As for other national groups, they eat at home.

Then there are a series of bars near the Abasto and Plata markets, where the meat and vegetables are supposed to be fresher, despite some evidence to the contrary. There someone looking for a typical dish can choose from a long list of Argentine and Italian specialties. It may well be that what is on the menu is not to be found in the kitchen, but then there are always certain risks in traveling.

Last but not least, we must recommend the *pizzerias*, where standing in front of the counter a heterogeneous and cordial public eats pizza with mozzarella, tomatoes, sweet peppers, sausage, or anchovies, for just sixty centavos. If you have only thirty, you can ask for *jainá* (made from chick-pea flour) or *fugazza* with onion.

Here ends our Fitzpatrick tour through the Argentine kitchen. As he leaves our country, the tourist will happily remember the T-bone he ate the night before. Meanwhile, in Lezama Park, the statue of Pedro de Mendoza will be thinking how relative things are in this world. ♦ ♦ ♦



# HOW'S THE ROAD AHEAD

?

## The Pan American Highway today

George C. Compton

REAL PROGRESS is being made toward closing three of the five major gaps that halt the flow of traffic on the Pan American Highway. But at this writing the need to bypass unfinished stretches still adds time and money to motoring through Central and South America. The trouble spots involve twenty-five miles south from the Mexican border in Guatemala, thirteen miles in northern Costa Rica, about one hundred and fifty between San Isidro del General in southern Costa Rica and Concepción in Panama, over two hundred miles through the trackless Darien region of Panama and an adjoining area in Colombia, and thirty miles in southern Ecuador, to the Peruvian line. Taking advantage of the dry season, which starts this month, the Costa Rican government and the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, working together, expect to finish the road to the Nicaraguan frontier by next March. The southern Costa Rican stretch will be tackled later. The Guatemalan government of President Castillo Armas has announced that it will push through the connection to Mexico within two years, in line with its aim of stimulating tourist travel. Meanwhile, construction continues on the route in Ecuador. The Darien jungle remains the toughest problem of all, and probably won't be seeing automobiles for a long time yet, but Panama and Colombia are planning to send a survey team to plot a route through there this year.

Elsewhere, the highway surface varies from good concrete through all-weather graded gravel to earth that turns into treacherous mud in the rainy season. Unfold this sheet for an over-all map of the route. For greater local detail, see individual country maps issued by the ESSO Standard Oil Company. The four members of the Lamont family, who covered all but forty-five miles between New York and Panama by land in a four-wheel-drive truck, sometimes hacking their way through the jungle, recommend this equipment for the less adventurous motorist who will take the bypasses: a good spare tire and tire-changing equipment, an extra set of windshield wipers—they're easily lost—a flashlight, a five-gallon can for gas, and a thermos jug. The Lamonts took a portable stove and cooked most of their own meals, saving restaurant expenses. Both car and tires should be in top condition, of course, because they must withstand heat and cold, climb to around fourteen thousand feet, and negotiate plenty of bumps.

Motorists should check for latest requirements with the consulates of all countries to be visited before starting out, arrange for bond on the car as a transient through Mexico, and make sure they have the insurance coverage they want for where they

are going. Ten-dollar travelers' checks are easiest to cash in cities, and enough local currency should be carried to tide you over in between. In Central America, it is best to finish your trip before May, when the rainy season begins, unless you are planning to stay more than six months. You can't strike dry weather all through South America at any time because of local variations, but the main rainy period around the Caribbean is from May through July, which corresponds to late fall and the beginning of winter in the southern hemisphere. In the tropics, climate depends more on altitude than on latitude, and the higher towns make more comfortable stopping places. Night travel over unfamiliar roads is not recommended.

### THROUGH MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA

Starting from the United States, you have a choice of three routes to Mexico City—the original Pan American Highway from Laredo, Texas, via Monterrey; the central highway from El Paso and Ciudad Juárez; and the Pacific highway from Nogales, Arizona, through Guaymas, Mazatlán, and Guadalajara. From the Mexican capital, the road continues through Puebla, Oaxaca, Tuxtla Gutiérrez, and Comitán, to the Guatemalan line. Border to border you have a paved surface all the way, except for a sixty-mile all-weather gravel stretch between San Cristóbal Las Casas and Comitán in the South and another of about 180 miles on the Pacific highway north of Culiacán. Recent landslides and bridge damage between the Guatemalan border and Tuxtla Gutiérrez have reportedly been cleared and repaired.

To go on to Guatemala, you will have to backtrack 270 miles to Arriaga, where you can put your automobile on a flatcar for a twelve-hour trip by rail to Tapachula. The rate is approximately thirty-five dollars, including fare for one person with extra fees for loading and unloading. Space should be reserved in advance at the office of the Superintendent of Flatcars, Calle Encino 81, in Mexico City. From Tapachula, the road is all-weather through Guatemala, with a paved section from Chimaltenango to Guatemala City. But you should clear the border early in the day, because the stretch to Quezaltenango, climbing from sea level to over ten thousand feet, is the toughest in Central America. An alternate road through the lowlands by way of Retalhuleu and Escuintla misses the magnificent scenery and colorful highland markets and weavers. The Indian town of Chichicastenango is only a few miles off the main road, which continues past Lake Atitlán and the resort of Panajachel. Guatemala City itself makes a good base for additional side trips. Beyond the capital gravel resumes. Paving starts again twelve miles from the Salvadorean border and crosses the country to Sirama. A park at Lake Ilopango, six miles from San Salvador, is reserved for camping, and the black volcanic beach of La Libertad and Central America's most active volcano, Izalco, are each within a day's excursion from there. In Honduras the road is gravel, passable all year. A seventy-five-mile side trip is necessary to reach the capital, Tegucigalpa, which still maintains the quiet rhythm of colonial days.

The first ten miles in Nicaragua are a bit rocky, but from there on driving is a pleasure, first over crushed gravel like a hard sand beach, then on good macadam pavement from Sébaco almost to the Costa Rican border. The capital, Managua, at just above sea level, is more than warm all year round. Nearby you will skirt Nicaragua's great lakes.

Until the road is completed in northern Costa Rica, the best way to continue from here is to ship the car from Managua to the port of Corinto (cost, approximately sixty dollars) and from there to Puntarenas, Costa Rica, via Grace Line (sailings about every two weeks, freight rate about a hundred dollars). A short drive from San José, the Costa Rican capital, is Turrialba, site of the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences. The seventy-one-mile stretch from Cartago south to San Isidro del General is said to represent the greatest road-engineering achievement on the continent. It runs twenty-eight miles along the Talamanca Ridge, much of the way at altitudes of nine to eleven thousand feet, with views on clear days of both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

To skirt the gap in southern Costa Rica you must take to the

(Continued on page 12)

UNITED STATES

MEXICO

CUBA

HONDURAS

GUATEMALA

EL SALVADOR

NICARAGUA

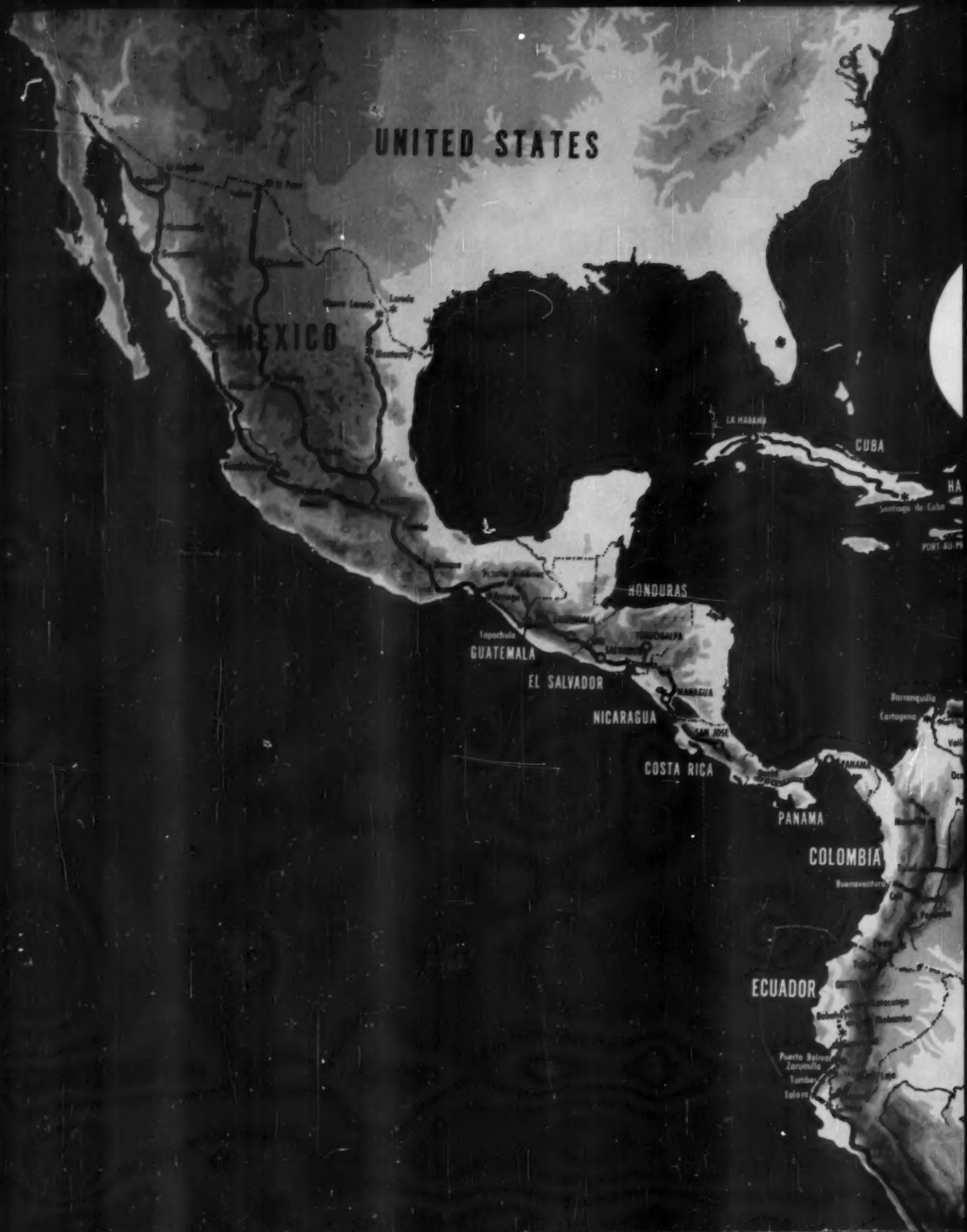
COSTA RICA

PANAMA

COLOMBIA




ECUADOR

PERU






## Rodovia Pan-Americana e principais estradas auxiliares

### TIPO DE ESTRADA

-  Pavimentada
-  Transitável o ano todo
-  Transitável em tempo seco




## Pan American Highway and major connecting routes

### ROAD SURFACE

-  Paved
-  All-weather
-  Dry-weather

## Carretera Panamericana y principales caminos anexos

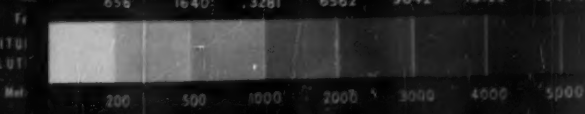
### CALIDAD DEL CAMINO

-  Pavimentado
-  Transitable todo el año
-  Transitable en tiempo seco









# Traveler's Calendar

Latin American holidays and festivals are uniquely gay and spontaneous. The list below is by no means complete—it would be impossible to mention all the local civic or religious events a traveler might be lucky enough to stumble upon. For example, particularly in the countries famous for their fiestas—such as Mexico, Guatemala, and the Andean republics—almost every village is likely to have some sort of celebration on the day of its patron saint, whose name it often bears; similarly, other Roman Catholic feast days are widely observed (the dates given for movable feasts, such as Easter and Corpus Christi, are those for 1955). Only the most noteworthy of such festivities have been included. Except as otherwise noted, national independence days are marked by official ceremonies, the closing of shops and offices, and perhaps parades. An asterisk indicates those holidays on which businesses and government bureaus shut down; besides these, many religious holidays are so observed in some countries.

## January 1 NEW YEAR'S DAY.\*

INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Haiti.

1-7 CHALMA FESTIVAL, Mexico. The sanctuary of Chalma, near Cuernavaca, is renowned for the cures wrought by its Christ. At night the forest trails are a spectacle of endless torchlight processions. Thousands of Indians sing native chants and perform native dances. *Conchero* dancers are on hand with their mandolins made from armadillo shells.

6 EPIPHANY is the day on which children throughout Latin America receive their presents, though the custom of Christmas gift-giving is spreading. In Popayán, Colombia, a classical miracle play is performed; another, in Cuzco, Peru, is markedly Indian.

FESTIVAL OF OUR LORD OF BOMFIN, Brazil. This little Bahia church holds its biggest festival just after Epiphany. It is the favorite church of the city's Negroes, who celebrate with processions (some of the most interesting are those of decorated boats), various ceremonies inside and outside the church, dancing, and general merriment.

15 FEAST OF BLACK CHRIST OF ESQUIPULAS, Guatemala. One of the most famous of Guatemalan festivals, attended by pilgrims from all over the country and from Mexico and Costa Rica. The miraculous statue, carved in 1595, is dressed in gold-embroidered white satin and laden with jewels. The church is immense and magnificent.

17 DAY OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. In Mexico, animals adorned with ribbons and flowers are brought to the churches to be blessed; typical ceremonies are at the Church of San Bernardino in Xochimilco and at Tlalpam, both near Mexico City.

24-26 ALACITAS FAIR, Bolivia. Held in the beautiful main square of La Paz, this fair honors Ekeko, the good-natured, pot-bellied Aymara god of prosperity. Booths abound with all sorts of Indian crafts; the most engaging are the figures of the god, who wears a little cap with earflaps under a felt hat, and in a pack on his back carries tiny sacks of sugar, coffee, salt, matches, and other objects representing the items he bestowed on every needy Aymara family. Miniatures of every sort are for sale.

27 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Dominican Republic.

## February

1-8 TZINTZUNTZAN FAIR, Mexico, offers also an Indian regatta on Lake Patzcuaro and the comical Dance of the Little Old Men. The village, whose name means "Place of the Humming Bird," was the capital of the Tarascan kingdom.

2 CANDLEMAS. Noteworthy festivals are those at Copacabana, Bolivia, commemorating the installation of a statue of the Virgin in her sanctuary on the shore of Lake Titicaca (a more extensive celebration at the shrine is held in August); at Ceiba Mocha, Cuba, where there is a procession in the middle of a three-day fiesta; at Chiantla, Guatemala; and at San Juan Teotihuacán, Tlaxcalpán, and San Juan de los Lagos, Mexico. The last two are accompanied by fairs and offer a chance to see native dances.

March 3 FEAST OF SAN BLAS, patron saint of Paraguay, is marked by religious processions in Asunción.

20-23 CARNIVAL.\* The gayest event of the year in every Latin American country except Chile.

19 FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH. Observed with religious ceremonies in Costa Rica, whose patron saint he is. Fiestas in many towns in Guatemala, including Nachuñil; San José, Escuintla Department; and San José Chacayá, Sololá Department.

19 (approximately) GUAYMI GATHERINGS, Panama. The Guaymi tribes of Chiriquí Province meet at various places to transact tribal business, hold fiestas, and choose mates. This last is accomplished by means of *balserías*—log-tossing contests whose unwounded survivors are permitted to select the most desirable

maidens (see AMERICAS, February 1953). Travelers should seek precise information in David and other Chiriquí towns.

END GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVALS. At Mendoza, Argentina, in the heart of the wine district, a colorful festival offers parades of floats, exhibits, musical programs, dances, elaborate neighborhood decorations, and the crowning of a queen. Another festival at Surco, Peru, near Lima, has a fair, dancing, games, and a beauty queen.

April 3-10 HOLY WEEK. Maundy Thursday and Good Friday are legal holidays in many countries. Colorful processions are held during the week in many places, including Ouro Preto, Brazil; Bogotá, Popayán, Tunja, and Mompós, Colombia; Trinidad, Cuba; many villages in Guatemala, where the observances are often mixed with pagan practices and vary from solemn to jovial; many towns in Mexico (outstanding passion plays are staged by the citizens of Ixtapalapa, near Mexico City, and Tzintzuntzan); and the small interior towns of Panama.

11-25 HUARI FAIR, Bolivia. The big event in the quiet life of this village not far from Oruro, held annually after Holy Week. 25 ST. MARK'S DAY. An elaborate ten-day spring festival opens at Aguascalientes, Mexico, in honor of the founding in 1604 of the town of San Marcos, now part of the city.

May 1 LABOR DAY.\* Celebrated throughout Latin America.

3 DAY OF THE HOLY CROSS. In Mexico, this is traditionally the bricklayers' festival day, heralded by firecrackers at dawn and gay with colored streamers and flowers masking the scaffoldings of unfinished buildings. In villages of Veracruz State (named for the True Cross), the day is celebrated with regional dances; one of the liveliest fiestas is at Amatlán, near Córdoba, with the popular Dance of the Moors and Christians—symbolizing the Reconquest of Spain—as the chief attraction. In Guatemala, Holy Cross fiestas are held at Lake Amatitlán and at Tecpán (Chimaltenango Department).

FIESTA OF THE YEAR BEARER, Guatemala, held in Jacaltenango and other Huehuetenango Department villages, is an interesting survival of the ancient ceremony of choosing the "Lords of the Year," special deities charged with the people's welfare under the Maya calendar. This serious ceremony is preceded by twenty days of church rituals, a time when official Prayer Makers take charge amid flowers, incense, and lighted candles.

5 ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PUEBLA,\* Mexico, commemorating the victory of Mexican forces over Maximilian and the French army in 1862. Military parades are held in most towns, and often (most notably at Peñón, a district of Mexico City) the battle is reenacted as a farce.

10 CUAUTLA CHARRO FESTIVAL, Mexico. Tournaments of daring horsemanship by Morelos State riders dressed in their most ornate charro costumes, all in honor of the revolutionary leader Emiliano Zapata.

14 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Paraguay.

20 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Cuba.

21 DAY OF OUR LADY OF LUJÁN, Argentina. Pilgrimages are made from all over Argentina to the Gothic basilica at Luján, about forty miles from Buenos Aires.

25 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Argentina.

June 5 TRINITY SUNDAY. At the pagan-Christian festivities in Zaachila (Oaxaca State), Mexico, the famous local Feather Dance, portraying the Conquest, is performed. The dancers representing the Indians wear tall, brilliantly colored feather headdresses.

9 CORPUS CHRISTI. In the mountain villages of Colombia, tiny trees are planted in the main squares, and every kind of animal is paraded through the streets to symbolize the earthly paradise. In Mexico, processions of children in various native costumes make their way to the Mexico City cathedral; a tremendous week-long fair, renowned for its dances, opens in Papanla (Veracruz State). The most spectacular is the ancient Totonac Dance of the Flying Men, at the climax of which the dancers, attaching themselves to ropes wound round a seventy-foot pole, leap from the top of the pole and glide in a spiral down to the ground. Beautiful embroidered costumes are worn.

24 ST. JOHN'S DAY. Celebrated with bonfire parties (a dying custom) in small towns of Brazil; with a swim in the river followed by African dances and processions among Negroes of the Barlovento region of Venezuela; with continuous, city-wide, three-day festivities in Tehuantepec (Oaxaca State), Mexico; and with a week-long fair in the town of Izalco, El Salvador, distinguished by a sacrificial ceremony in which horsemen ride at full gallop beneath four cocks hung from a branch, attempt to cut off their heads, and afterward try to unseat each other, using the dead cocks as weapons.



**INDIAN DAY, Peru.** Originally a strictly religious observance at the chapel of St. John of Amancaes (Narcisi) on the outskirts of Lima, this has become Peru's greatest popular fiesta, attended by people in regional dress from all over the country who play native instruments and dance traditional dances. In recent years the municipal government has added a horse show as a major event. Known popularly by its old name, Fiesta de Amancaes.

**29 DAY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, Otavalo, Ecuador,** noted for its large and colorful Indian market and its beautiful woolens, holds a special fair. In *Brazil*, fishing towns hold processions of gaily decorated boats in honor of St. Peter, patron of fishermen.

**July 4 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* United States.**

**5 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Venezuela.**

**12-17 ITATÍ FIESTA, Argentina.** A gala festival honoring jointly the coronation of the Virgin of Itatí and St. Louis of France rouses this quiet village in Corrientes Province. The religious side begins on the fourteenth with the arrival of thousands of pilgrims from San Luis del Palmar in a long, picturesque procession.

**20 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Colombia.**

**24 SIMÓN BOLÍVAR'S BIRTHDAY,\*** observed in *Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Peru, and Venezuela.*

**24-August 6 FIESTA OF THE SAVIOUR, El Salvador,** honoring the Christ, patron of the country and its capital. Held at San Salvador, these observances have evolved from strictly religious ceremonies to a gay popular festival attended by people from all over El Salvador and from neighboring countries. A highlight is frequent pageants of colorful floats that wind up at Campo de Marte Park, where up to thirty thousand people watch them pass in review. The festivities end on August 5 with a big procession in which an ancient image of the Saviour is borne aloft, and on the sixth, Feast of the Transfiguration, there are church services.

**27-August 1 INDEPENDENCE DAYS,\* Peru.** In Lima, these coincide with a large fair showing national products. Arequipa holds a native fiesta. The actual proclamation of independence was made by San Martín on July 28, 1821.

**August 1-7 FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF COPACABANA, Bolivia.** With a spectacular series of pageants, Indian dances, feasting, processions, and tribal rites and music, pilgrims from the entire nation honor the miraculous Virgin of this ancient town. The image, dating from the sixteenth century, wears elaborate jeweled robes made for her coronation on August 6, 1925.

**4 DAY OF SANTO DOMINGO.** In *Nicaragua*, since he is the country's patron saint, this is the occasion for the outstanding festival of the year, held from August 1 to 10. Church ceremonies and a lively carnival—proceeds to the General Hospital—take place in Managua. Another festival honoring Santo Domingo is held in Granada from the fourteenth to the thirtieth.

**5-7 INDEPENDENCE DAYS,\* Bolivia.** In mining regions of the interior, these are celebrated much like Carnival, with barbecues, gay costumes, masks, and Indian dances.

**10 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Ecuador.**

**15 ASSUMPTION DAY.** A national holiday in *Paraguay*, since Our Lady of the Assumption is the country's patroness (the capital, Asunción, is named for her). In *Guatemala*, of whose capital she is also the patroness, a week-long fair in her honor opens on the fourteenth in Minerva Park, on the outskirts of Guatemala City. In *Mexico*, this is a special feast day for the Indians of Tlaxcala State.

**25 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Uruguay.**

**30 DAY OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA,** patroness of Lima, *Peru*, and of the Americas. In an elaborate procession in Lima, the saint's image is borne through the streets and showered with rose petals.

**September 7 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Brazil.**

**8 NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.** Our Lady of Charity, patroness of *Cuba*, is honored by pilgrimages to her shrine at El Cobre, a village near historic Santiago. Two festivals in *Mexico* pay tribute to Our Lady of Remedies, patroness of the Spanish forces in Mexico: one a week-long fiesta at San Bartolo Naucampam, near Mexico City, of which the eighth is the most important day; the other at Los Remedios (State of Mexico), whose venerated image was made generalissimo of the Spanish army during the war of independence. Another week-long Mexican festival, at Tepoztlán (State of Morelos), honors jointly the Virgin and the Aztec deity El Tepozteco, who according to local legend was a favorite son of hers; an interesting native dance drama is performed on the afternoon of the eighth, the last day.

**DAY OF ST. PETER CLAYER,** patron saint of *Colombia*, who was a missionary to the Cartagena Negroes. Gay fairs are held in many places, with emphasis on cattle shows.

**15 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua.**

**15-16 INDEPENDENCE DAYS,\* Mexico.** The outstanding event

is the President's repetition of Hidalgo's "Grito de Dolores" (the shout that set off the independence revolution in 1810) at eleven p.m. on the fifteenth from the balcony of the National Palace.

**18-20 INDEPENDENCE DAYS,\* Chile.** Rodeos, dancing, and barbecues. The government sponsors special festivities for the Araucanian Indians, who live around Temuco at the gateway to the lake district: athletic contests, speeches in the native tongue, and a great feast.

**October every Sunday PENHA PILGRIMAGES, Brazil.** The shrine at Penha, a suburb of Rio, honors the miraculous intercession of the Virgin to save a seventeenth-century traveler from a crocodile. Pilgrims, some on their knees, climb 365 steps to reach it; after attending one of the continuous Masses, they adjourn to the hillside for the fair attractions.

**4 DAY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.**

**7 DAY OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.** In *Mexico*, a month-long fair in her honor is held at Atzacapotzalco, near the capital; a week-long fiesta opening on this date in Alvarado, at the mouth of the Papaloapan River, specializes in regattas.

**12 DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,** generally known in Spanish America as *Día de la Raza* (Day of the Race, symbolizing the countries' tie with Spain). It is a legal holiday in a few countries. In *Chile*, where it coincides with Spring Festival, parades of floats and masked balls take place. In *Guayaquil, Ecuador*, it is known as *Día del Montuvio*, or coastal mixed-blood, and a fiesta—primarily equestrian—is held.

**18, 19, 28 OUR LORD OF MIRACLES PROCESSIONS, Peru.** These elaborate processions to every church in the old part of Lima commemorate the survival of a wall bearing a painting of Christ on the Cross in the 1746 earthquake, which destroyed much of the city.

**21 FIESTA OF THE BLACK CHRIST OF PORTOBELLO, Panama.** The image, said to have saved this ancient town from an epidemic, is carried through the streets in a procession beginning at 6 p.m.; afterwards, there is dancing and feasting till dawn.

**1, 2 ALL SAINTS' DAY AND ALL SOULS' DAY.** These days are of particular significance in the Indian villages of *Bolivia, Ecuador, Guatemala, and Mexico*. Among the Bolivians, the rituals are extremely solemn events, to be approached discreetly by strangers; the Mexicans temper the days with humor—bread and candy in the shape of skulls, mock obituaries in the papers, and so on; at midnight of the first, in some villages, candle-lighted processions wend their way to the cemetery with offerings of food (most impressive at Janitzio Island in Lake Pátzcuaro).

**3 INDEPENDENCE DAY,\* Panama.**

**21 FESTIVAL OF THE VIRGIN OF EL QUINCHE, Ecuador.** The most important religious holiday of the Ecuadorean Indians. El Quinche is a highland village not far from Quito.

**December 8 FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**

**DAY OF THE BEACHES, Uruguay,** marking the official opening of the bathing season, is celebrated with national regattas, horsemanship competitions, and an international shooting contest.

**12 FEAST OF THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE, Mexico.** The patroness of Mexico receives impressive tribute at the basilica erected just outside Mexico City on the spot where she appeared to a humble Indian in 1531. Indians come from all over Mexico and from Central America. The ceremonies in the basilica are richly magnificent, and in the square outside, *conchero* dancers perform in shifts. The day is also observed with religious services, dances, and pageants in all the Guadalupe churches throughout the country—almost every community has one.

**DAY OF THE INDIAN, El Salvador.** Processions of children and young people in native dress honor the Virgin of Guadalupe.

**16-24 POSADAS, Mexico.** On these evenings, in city homes and village streets, the journey to Bethlehem is re-enacted in traditional fashion. Afterward, attention centers on the *piñata*, an earthenware jar decorated with papier-mâché, filled with candy and fruit, and suspended from the ceiling; blindfolded guests try to break it with a stout pole. Another outstanding feature of the Mexican Christmas season is Nativity plays combining Spanish and Indian elements. Throughout *Latin America*, about this time, crèches are set up in homes, churches, and town squares.

**18-21 CHICHICASTENANGO FIESTA OF ST. THOMAS, Guatemala.** One of the most important of Guatemalan festivals, with continuous marimba music, processions, and dances.

**24 CHRISTMAS EVE.** Throughout *Latin America* people attend midnight Mass, which is preceded or followed by suppers of local seasonal delicacies (see *AMERICAS*, December 1952). In Bogotá, Popayán, and some smaller towns of *Colombia*, masquers promenade through the streets beginning about nine p.m. and try to identify their friends; success is rewarded with presents.

**25 CHRISTMAS DAY.\***

(Continued from page 9)

sea again. Shipping the car from Puntarenas to Panama City or Cristóbal will cost about \$125 on Grace Line or United Fruit freighters. The few passenger berths available are usually occupied, so the motorist must fly back to San José and on to Panama. Theoretically, you can pick up the road just beyond the border at Concepción, Panama, by arranging with the Chiriqui Land Company to carry your vehicle on its private railroad from Puerto Armuelles, but few ships ply between Puntarenas and that port.

In Panama, the highway is fairly good gravel to Santiago. From there to Río Hato it was paved many years ago, but is badly potholed and rutted, narrow, twisting, and with single-lane bridges. Eventual rebuilding is planned for this section. The last seventy miles into Panama City is first-class concrete, and the paved trans-isthmian highway will take you across to Colón and Cristóbal. Thirty miles from the capital the road ends at the little town of Chepo, where two rivers join. On the opposite bank, there is only a tangle of brush and vines and sporadic Indian footpaths.

#### THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA

To resume motoring in South America, you must ship your car by sea from Panama to Cartagena or Barranquilla, Colombia, or La Guaira, Venezuela, on the Caribbean, or to Buenaventura, Colombia, on the Pacific. For the sake of continuity, let's pick up the route at La Guaira. If you ship directly to South America from the U.S.A., La Guaira makes a good landing place.

From La Guaira you can whiz up to the capital, Caracas, in about twenty minutes over the new multi-million-dollar super-highway. A paved section of the route extends through the rolling coastal mountains and is followed by all-weather construction through the Maracaibo lowland basin and up to the Mucuchies Paramo in the Andes, where the narrow, often slippery road climbs to 13,500 feet. After crossing more mountains, you descend to Cúcuta in Colombia, in the hot country, with pavement from just before San Cristóbal on to Pamplona. The next stretch involves steep ascents and descents, often without guard rails, and is treacherous in rainy weather. The last 140 miles into Bogotá, the capital (altitude 8,660 feet), is asphalted and fairly straight. Beyond, the road descends to the resort town of Girardot, where it crosses the Magdalena River on a suspension bridge before climbing again to twelve thousand feet. Then comes the fertile Cauca Valley and the only really level stretch in the country. Beyond aristocratic Popayán the going gets tough again, with only one-way traffic permitted over many mountain sections. Coming from Cartagena or Barranquilla, you will cover two stretches that may become impassable in wet weather before joining the main line at Cúcuta. From Buenaventura a paved road connects with the highway at Palmira after passing through the charming town of Cali.

The road in Ecuador is classed as all-weather through the Indian market town of Otavalo and colonial Quito, the capital (altitude 9,350 feet), almost to the Peruvian border, although difficulties may be encountered in the southern section. To get around the missing link there, you can take a dry-weather road from Loja west to Piedras, then ship by rail (cost about fifty-seven dollars) to Arenillas, which connects with the coastal road in northern Peru. During most of the year, however, it is preferable to make the bypass via the port city of Guayaquil. You can take a dry-weather road from Latacunga, fifty-five miles south of Quito, through desolate country and jungle, or turn off near Riobamba, farther south, to Babahoyo and board a river steamer for an eight-hour trip to Guayaquil. From Guayaquil, it is another eight hours by steamer to Puerto Bolívar on the Pacific, and a stretch of dry-weather road to the frontier.

In Peru the road is all-weather either from the dead end of the official route to Sullana or along the coast road to Talara. From either of those points there is unbroken pavement all the way south through Lima, the capital, to Atico. Much of the northern run is through desert lands, and water is scarce. South of Nazca the road is dangerously narrow and winding through beautiful sandy cliffs, and gas stations are few and far between. At Vitor the highway divides, one branch heading for Lake Titi-

caca and Bolivia via the delightful city of Arequipa, the other for Tacna and Chile. The Inca capital of Cuzco can be reached by three routes from Puno, Nazca, or La Oroya. For further details on points along the way in Peru see "Your Home in Peru," page 28.

Going on to Chile, you must cover about a thousand miles of arid desert country to La Serena, with alternate stretches of paving and all-weather construction. Through this land of nitrates and copper mines, the road traverses a plateau at about two thousand feet elevation, but several deep gorges must be crossed, and extra supplies of water and gasoline are recommended for those climbs. Near Santiago, the capital, there are a couple of stretches that may give trouble in wet weather. Santiago can be approached either via Los Andes or by the coastal highway through Viña del Mar and Valparaíso. Beyond Santiago the road is paved as far as Talca and all-weather past the lovely lake country to Puerto Montt, which should be visited before the winter rains start in May.

The official route connects with Argentina via Uspallata Pass and the Christ of the Andes statue at about fourteen thousand feet. The pass is blocked by snow from May to November. Sometimes cars are permitted on the trains through the international tunnel, 3,500 feet below. Check with the local automobile club on this. Continuing on into Argentina, you will glimpse magnificent views of towering Mount Aconcagua as the road rapidly descends. Asphalt paving begins just before Mendoza. The way from San Luis to Buenos Aires is almost all across level pampa, peppered with large farms and many towns.

If you choose the route from Peru through Bolivia, be prepared to climb to 15,180 feet at the Gorge of Toroya before descending to Lake Titicaca at 12,500. From the lake outlet at Desaguadero nearly to La Paz the road is steep and winding, and the frontier section deteriorates in the rainy season. The capital lies in a valley below the crest of the *altiplano* or high plateau of central Bolivia. The road south to Villazón on the Argentine border (an alternate route via Potosí), while all-weather, has many narrow, curving sections and traverses unpopulated, windswept tracts. The projected official route through Sucre is not yet completed.

The first seventy miles in Argentina are dry-weather road, best traveled between May and October. Paving is continuous from north of Córdoba to the capital via Rosario. The connecting road to Paraguay is dry-weather from San Justo, north of Santa Fe, to the Paraguay River, which is crossed by ferry. The short stretch from the ferry to Asunción, the capital, is paved, and from there the road continues east to Coronel Oviedo, paved part way, and south to Villarrica. There is no road connection from Paraguay to Brazil or Bolivia.

South of Buenos Aires there is a paved road to Bahía Blanca and all-weather connections to the lake district on the Chilean border, but no international link exists at present.

Uruguay is reached by ferry from Buenos Aires to Colonia and offers good paved roads to Montevideo and on to the Brazilian border through rolling countryside.

The official route into Brazil via Aceguá and Bagé involves mountainous terrain with snow in winter. Except in the rainy season (September to March), an alternate route from Uruguay via Rio Branco and Pelotas is preferable. The two meet at Porto Alegre. For those willing to risk high tides and salt streams, it is also possible to drive over 150 miles of sand beach between the ocean and a lagoon. An alternate route, partly dry-weather, links Porto Alegre and Argentina via Uruguiana. North of Porto Alegre the good road runs through rolling farm land and forested mountains to São Paulo, the leading industrial center. From Curitiba there is a branch to the Paraguayan frontier at Foz do Iguaçu, with detours necessary because of construction. Nearby, at the Argentine-Brazilian border, you can see the magnificent Iguazu Falls. A new superhighway between São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, the capital, cuts travel time from eleven to five-and-a-half hours. North of Rio there is a good but dusty road to Bahia, and you can continue on as far as drought-ridden Ceará state and São Luís in rainy Maranhão, but for now that is—and, because of the jungle barrier, will be indefinitely—the end of the line.

# Art, or on account of Orozco

A short story by William Saroyan—Drawings by Don Freeman

WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN I had been expelled from Fresno High School so many times that I finally quit and went to work on a vineyard for thirty cents an hour.

I worked with three Mexicans and one Japanese.

The Mexicans lived in a shack on the vineyard. The oldest was perhaps in his middle thirties, and bore the name Tapia. The next oldest was perhaps twenty-five, but I have forgotten his name. The youngest was not much older than myself, but I do not remember his name, either. He was the brother of Señor Tapia's wife. The second Mexican was Señor Tapia's cousin. He was married to Señor Tapia's wife's cousin. The shack in which they all lived was small and crowded with children, Tapia having fathered two sons and two daughters, and the second Mexican two sons and one daughter. The third Mexican, the youngest, was looking for a wife. I will call the second Mexican José, and the youngest Pancho.

Tapia was a slim, rather tall, earnest man with an old-fashioned moustache, and a deep voice. He seldom spoke, but when he did he was both heard and understood, even though he spoke very little English. I understood him, and the Japanese understood him.

The Japanese was a rather wild man who described himself as *baggarro*, which I understood to mean sorrowful rather than crazy, which is perhaps the literal meaning of the word. I will call the Japanese Ito, for his name was something quite like that, although I have forgotten what it actually was. Ito had once worked in Colorado or Wyoming, where a storm had kept him and another Japanese worker snowbound in a small cabin for two or three days. During that time Ito and his friend had played cards for money. Ito lost every dollar he had. He killed his friend with a knife and buried him in the snow. He then left that place and traveled to California.

Ito told this story in a mixture of English, Japanese, and Mexican. The purpose of telling it was to demonstrate that he was *baggarro*.

Workers pruning vines in January, from the dark of morning to the dark of night, must talk to one another. It is necessary.

When Ito told the story of his thirty-year-old crime Tapia, José, and Pancho listened carefully. They paused in their work to question him with glances, and Ito nodded in a manner that was unmistakable: yes, he had murdered the man who had been his best friend.

Well, the Mexicans said, surely there had been more





provocation than that the man had cheated at cards, but Ito insisted that there had been none.

Was the man a bad man, they asked Ito.

No, the man was a good man, a true friend, a man who had proved his friendship many times.

Well, then, why had Ito murdered him?

"Baggarro," Ito said in his own language.

The workers looked and listened, and then went back to work.

The next day the workers began to work, and for an hour or more nothing was heard but the sound of the shears clipping off useless shoots. Each worker was

in color of half a dozen of his watercolors. I read the article, and I studied the watercolors.

The next day when I went to the shack in which the Mexicans lived on the vineyard I saw the shack and Señor Tapia and his wife and children, and José and his wife and children, and Pancho, and the two hound dogs, and the cat with four kittens, and the half dozen laying hens they had in a small wire-enclosed house. What I saw seemed ugly, haphazard and unfortunate, but at the same time, on account of Orozco, everything had beauty and dignity, too.

Ito came up on his bicycle, riding in from Sanger



thinking, and waiting. When daylight had become full Señor Tapia stopped, and everybody knew the time had come.

"Señor Ito," Tapia said.

Ito stopped and said, "Señor Tapia."

"Were you drunk perhaps?" Señor Tapia said in the common language of all of us.

In the same language Ito said, "Well, we had had a bottle but we had finished it the first night. I was not drunk."

Pancho, the youngest, said, "Well, why did you do it, Señor Ito?"

"He cheated," Ito said.

But Ito's crime was not the only thing we talked about. Ito needed to talk about it, but we needed to talk about other things. José, the middle Mexican, liked to talk about his children, for instance, although he was best known for his opinions about workers, poverty, and hunger. Pancho wanted to understand emotions a little better. He wanted to know why, for instance, when he was with a pretty girl, one he believed might be his wife, he would be so moved by her beauty that he would be unable to think or speak. José kidded him about this, but Tapia spoke to him earnestly.

At the Fresno Book Shop on Mariposa Street I used to look for second-hand books by which to continue my education, since I had left school forever. One afternoon when a heavy rainfall sent us all home I went to the book shop and after browsing an hour or two found an art magazine which had been reduced from one dollar to ten cents. It was in perfect condition, full of reproductions of paintings in color, and I considered it a rare bargain, as it proved to be, for among other things it contained an excellent article about José Clemente Orozco, several photographs of him at work, and reproductions

where he had a furnished room with a Japanese family. I saw great loneliness, anguish, and valor in Ito, and now even his bicycle seemed more than just a bicycle.

A little before seven our foreman came up in his truck, greeted us, and drove us to our place of work, so that we would be able to begin promptly at seven. He usually stood and watched us work until he had finished a cigarette, and then he drove off, and we knew he would be back a little before nightfall to keep track of the hours we had put in and the wages we had earned. Now and then he took the pruning shears from one or another of us and pruned two or three vines, going very slowly, but this was not meant as instruction. He just liked to prune a few vines now and then. And now and then he would stop us twenty or twenty-five minutes before we had come to the end of the last hour of the day, but he would count it a full hour. We took an hour for lunch, the Mexicans walking home for hot food while Señor Ito and I sat down to eat sandwiches. The foreman was an Armenian who had wrestled professionally, but was now past his prime. At one time he had put down Stanislaw Zbysko himself, and he had had good matches with Strangler Lewis and Jimmy Londos, if in fact he had not put them down at one time or another, too. His name was Nazaret. His ears were cauliflowered and his nose bent. He never spoke to me in Armenian when we were with the others, so that they would not feel left out. Instead, he spoke in the common language of all of us.

Now, on this morning when he saw the big art magazine I had brought along with my lunch he said, "What you got there, boy?"

"Magazine," I said.

"What about?"

"Art."

"Pictures?"

"Yes."

He asked if he might have a look at the magazine, and was delighted when he found a reproduction of a painting of a prize-fight by George Bellows.

He placed the magazine carefully on top of my lunch in the fork of a pruned vine, and went along.

The workers worked in silence for some time, thinking various things and waiting.

When the time came I said, "Who is José Clemente Orozco?"

I expected nobody to know, for art is supposed to be

in one world and workers in another.

After a moment Señor Tapia said, "Señor Orozco is the great Mexican painter."

"Have you seen his paintings?"

"Yes," Señor Tapia said. "On the walls of Mexican buildings. Do you know the work of José Clemente Orozco?"

"Well," I said, "I found that art magazine in Fresno yesterday, and in it are reproductions of some of Señor Orozco's paintings."

"What do you think of them?"

"I think they are great."



"They do not seem—well, ugly?"

"No, señor."

"They are pictures of poverty, pain, sorrow, hunger, and anger, and yet you think they are great?"

"Yes, señor."

"Why?"

"Well, there is truth in them, and love. They are art."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

Señor Tapia waited a moment before replying. He leveled the ends of his moustache, while José and Pancho and Ito watched and waited, even though they knew nothing about Orozco.



"Yes, I do, Señor Willie," Tapia said. "Sí, señor," he said. "It is only that I am surprised and pleased that you should have found his art and that you should cherish it, since it is a kind of art which is so easy for so many not to cherish."

The workers went back to work and they were silent for some time. The next to speak was Ito.

"Baggerro," he said, and we knew he was thinking of his crime.

"Perhaps," José said, "perhaps there was a good reason."

"No," Ito said. "He cheated."

"If you think about it carefully, Señor Ito," José said, "I am sure you will find that there was a much better reason, even though it happened so long ago."

"I have been thinking about it thirty years," Ito said. "There was no other reason."

Now, the youngest Mexican spoke.

"Well," he said, "when you went away from that place in the snow and came to California you were a young man, weren't you?"

"Yes," Ito said. "I was twenty-three years old."

"Did you find a Japanese girl to be your wife and

the mother of your children?"

"No, Señor Pancho," Ito said.

"Why not?"

"A man who has killed another man, he cannot be a husband, he cannot be a father."

Again the workers went back to work, each to his own vine, and to his own thoughts.

After an hour or so I said, "Señor Tapia, if you were rich, if you had much money, what would you do?"

"Señor Willie," Tapia said, "that is a very difficult one."

"What kind of a man would you be?"

"Much money?"

"Yes, señor. A million, perhaps. Perhaps two million. Dollars. What kind of a man would you be?"

"Ah," Señor Tapia said. "What kind *could* I be? Very bad, I am afraid, and that is the mystery of money. That is the terrible problem of it. I never think that I shall ever have much money. I never long for money."

"How about you, Señor José?"

"It is useless to long for money, Señor Willie," José said. "I will never be rich. I do not understand money."

"How about you, Señor Pancho?"

The youngest Mexican smiled as he said, "Oh, I *long* to be rich, but I know it is useless."

"Why is it useless?"

"Money is for the rich, not for the poor," the boy said.

"What is for the poor?"

"Wife," the boy said. "Wife, and son, and daughter. If I had my wife, my son, and my daughter, I believe I would be richer than the richest man in the world."

"How about you, Señor Ito?"

"Money, Señor Willie?"

"Yes."

"What could I do with money," the Japanese said, "that I do not do anyway? What could I be that I am not anyway? My friend is dead. Can money change that?"

Again the workers returned to their work. During the lunch hour the Mexicans studied the reproductions of the watercolors of José Clemente Orozco in the art magazine. Ito studied them, too, to see what it was all about.

One of the pictures had a kind of human anger and rage in it that was only a little removed from violence and crime. This picture held Ito a long time.

When the Mexicans had gone home and Ito and I had eaten our sandwiches he returned to the magazine and turned to the picture of rage. He studied it for some time and then asked me to do so. In the picture was a small man in a hovel of a house. The man was raging against his wife and children, who were terrified of him, but one did not feel that his rage was for them at all. One felt that it was for everything but them. Ito put a finger on the man in the painting and tapped.

"Ito," he said. "Baggerro."

Soon the hour was over, the Mexicans came back to the unpruned vines, and the workers went back to work.

It was a month before all the vines of that vineyard were pruned. In the common language of workers many things were said during that month, but what I have remembered is enough for this time. ♦ ♦ ♦





*Atlantic storms carve rainbow-hued clay cliffs at Gay Head, western tip of Martha's Vineyard island*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLEMENS RALISCHER

# *Continent in miniature*

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD, OFF MASSACHUSETTS COAST, MAINTAINS INSULAR INDEPENDENCE AND HISTORICAL TIES WITH FAR-FLUNG LANDS**

**Henry Beetle Hough**

NOT SO LONG AGO they were burying one of the patriarchs of the old Indian township of Gay Head on the island of Martha's Vineyard. While the funeral prayers were said and the hymns sung in a weathered country church, a sea gull flew in from the ocean and perched upon the hearse until the services were over. It was impossible not to assign special significance to this, for the patriarch was a whaler who had spent only nineteen of his seventy-nine years upon the land.

An island, no matter how proud its seclusion, is linked by the sea with the great world. This gives it a global quality, even though it may seem as remote and private as a glade in the wilderness. Most of those who come to Martha's Vineyard feel, sooner or later, this odd tie with the outer world, and also a sense of the past living on in the present.

The Vineyard, as its own people call it, is a roughly triangular fragment of soil and shore lying some five

miles from the nearest mainland, Cape Cod, on the New England coast of North America. Its greatest length is twenty miles, the average width five, which makes some hundred square miles altogether. In early times it belonged to New York, now to Massachusetts, but it seems



*Vineyard fisherman checking the pots that will trap choice lobsters for New England tables*

fiercely independent, for an island is defended by the island spirit.

Gay Head is the Vineyard's westernmost headland; it has no more than a scattering of gray-shingled houses in a countryside of hills that become brave with color in autumn and of swamps that exhale the fragrance of sweet pepperbush and wild grapes in their season. The whole headland seems to keep company with the windy sky and with the sea that washes the shore of whitest sand at the foot of its mighty clay cliffs.

When the rays of the lighthouse begin to reach through the night like spokes of a ghostly wheel, a visitor may be served succulent broiled lobster brought to his table in one of those weathered houses by a straight, dark-haired Indian girl, lovely as the memory of youth. Out of doors the loneliness stirs as if eager to press in upon the heels of gregarious summer, and it is easy to imagine ancient spirits abroad among the thickets and boulders—an old squaw, for instance, carrying her head in her hands as she passes, forever unapproachable in the starlight.

Gay Head is enclosed in a sort of enchantment. The grandfather of this Indian girl struck whales off Chatham Island in the Roaring Forties and among the ice packs

of the Arctic. Her father and uncles and perhaps her brothers go far out in their own small boats to trap the lobsters she now serves, or to harpoon swordfish, much as their ancestors harpooned whales with such skill and fame that Herman Melville chose a Gay Head harpooner for his immortal whaling novel, *Moby Dick*.

The Vineyard people like to speak of their island as a continent in miniature, and with a good deal of justification. One finds such diverse natural features as a range of coastal hills, a central valley or two with flowing streams and green meadows, broad outwash plains, and big ponds with long, finger-like coves brimming with sweet, fresh water, though separated from the ocean only by a barrier beach. The oldest local history—which, like all Vineyard history, is not merely local—is told in the



*Sailmaker's loft at Edgartown served oldtime whalers, keeps busy today supplying yachting fleet*

boulder-strewn slopes left by the glacier, and in the great Gay Head cliff escarpment, an up-ended river delta of remote times with gay outcroppings of white and colored clay.

Like most islands off the beaten track, Martha's Vineyard holds surprises for the visitor. So each is a discoverer, and the process of discovery continues in succeeding generations. The newcomer finds himself peering not only with his own eyes but with the gaze of Gaspar Corte-Real, Verrazano, Champlain, and Bartholomew Gosnold; at the same time he finds the island like a person entering into a conversation with an entirely fresh viewpoint.

Gosnold came upon Martha's Vineyard in the early summer of 1602. He named it for the wild grapes—"such an incredible store of Vines, as well in the woodie parts of the Island, that we could not goe for treading upon them"—and in honor of some English girl or woman. The Martha of this honor may have been Gosnold's daughter, but one historian thinks she was his mother-in-law, which would make the christening unique in history.

The first settlement occurred in 1642; about a score of families that arrived with the Mayhews of Wiltshire, or a little later, are not only still represented but are community leaders today. No one can say just where Gosnold landed, but the modern visitor generally steps ashore from a ferry at Vineyard Haven, nearest harbor to the mainland. The town lies under a hill and in summer is green with foliage.

Long ago this port was a convenient refuge for sailing vessels of many kinds, then for coastal schooners carrying coal and lumber and for long tows of barges, but after the age of sail the Cape Cod canal diverted more modern traffic. So the craft one sees at Vineyard Haven now are mostly trim yachts in summer and the small boats of scallopers and quahaugers in winter. "Quahaug" is the local term for hard-shell clams.

The Vineyard began its career as a summer resort at least a century ago, perhaps even with the arrival of Gosnold. The first loyalty of the islanders was to the sea, and in the great era of the American whaling industry—say from 1820 to 1860—the Vineyard supplied an incredible proportion of the officers for whaleships from New Bedford, Nantucket, and other ports, as well as for its own. Whaling also brought the Azorean Portuguese with their own rich cultural heritage. Descendants of theirs are among the island's civic leaders today. Nothing could stop visitors coming to rusticate, however, and even when whaling tapered off following the Civil War, the gear and tackle of whaling, the sea talk, the awareness of far places and great deeds continued to add color to the Martha's Vineyard scene.

In the old days the summer visitor who dropped in at a Main Street shop for a spool of thread was waited upon, likely as not, by a retired whaling master; and from the window of her room she could see a whale's vertebra in use as a lawn ornament. Few of these are left now, though a whale-rib post still crops up here and there. The captains are gone, but the feeling persists that they have just stepped out for a moment. "A whaling captain's wake ashore is a long time smoothing over," they used to say.

Nowadays Vineyard Haven is chiefly a port of entry

and a business center, with the summer occupation of entertaining visitors and the winter occupation of fishing. Two miles away is the town that is most emphatically a summer resort: Oak Bluffs, a community that was born toward the end of the whaling days.

A stranger is bound to wonder at Oak Bluffs, with its oak-shaded parks and encircled cottages huddled side by side and brightly ornamented with balconies, scrollwork, shell-lined paths, and colored glass. In the midst of one great circling park is an iron tabernacle with a spreading octagonal roof supported by graceful fretted ironwork arches.

Here, a hundred years ago, when there were only oak trees and a quiet bank descending to the still waters of a blue pond, a group of Methodists from Edgartown



*Whale oil gathered by Vineyard sea captains around the world built solid houses that are still the pride of Edgartown*

sought a secluded spot to hold a camp meeting. The sweetness of summer mornings in so charming a scene went well with the religious spirit, and the camp meeting became an annual event. At first there were tents, arranged in a half circle, to accommodate church societies; as the years passed, family tents sprang up in widening circles; they were finally replaced by wood cottages with doors as wide as the old tents.

The camp meeting became a town. But even the fervent camp-meeting attendants were not indifferent to the appeal of nature and the flesh. Sometimes they marched forth to the shore at two in the morning, singing hymns and exulting in the sweet air and moonlight.

The more strait-laced looked askance at the evolu-





*Most island visitors step ashore at this ferry slip in port of Vineyard Haven*

tion. One person wrote: "The only development liable to lower the moral standard of the camp is croquet. This is played incessantly for weeks before the meeting, and we have yet to witness a game in which cheating and lying are not common occurrences, especially among the fair sex, we deeply regret to say. It is the general practice of the ladies to push balls into more favorable positions when unobserved, and if detected to deny it. We have seen minister's daughters do it time and again."

But innocence, which always seemed in jeopardy, was renewed each year. Prayers are still said and hymns sung under the lofty roof of the tabernacle, and croquet is still played in the parks and on the lawns.

As Oak Bluffs is the newest, so Edgartown is the oldest settlement of Martha's Vineyard—indeed, Oldtown was long the nickname for the county seat, the first port, the home chosen by Thomas Mayhew and his company in 1642. But, scoured by tides and gales, it has the appearance of youth.

The history of the town is embodied in its houses: first the small, shingled dwellings with steep roofs and rafters showing through like the bones of a codfish;

then the larger two-story homes with central chimneys built on wealth accumulated from the sea. Next came the white houses that now give Edgartown its fame, built with whaling money in the first half of the nineteenth century. They are in Greek Revival style, finely proportioned, the doorways gracious and beautiful, the cornices individual and pleasing. Elms, lindens, and honey locusts rise above the streets, and the word for the town in the end is not any architectural label but a nautical one—"shipshape."

Edgartown harbor runs into a landlocked bay long known as the first national bank because it produces a fat annual income from shellfish. From time immemorial, Edgartown has been a port of what are known as deep-legged vessels, and no sort of fishing is strange to its people. This was the seat of the Vineyard's whaling industry. The captains built a great white pillared church that will always be their monument; they live on in the fine, thrifty houses and in countless strange objects brought home from sea.

Though summer fills the half-dozen hotels with vacationers and many of the homes with seasonal residents

who come from afar, the tone of Oldtown is unchanging. The fishing boats ride comfortably in the harbor alongside the yachts.

From Edgartown to Gay Head is the longest course to be traversed on Martha's Vineyard. The road lies almost straight across the acres of scrub oak known as the plains—and vast plains they seem, with the hills of the north shore a blue line in the distance. Here in the scrub oak the heath hen lived on for many decades after it had become extinct elsewhere. This bird, the pinnated grouse, was an eastern prairie chicken, and every spring the males would dance and make booming noises on the same chosen terrain. About twenty years ago the last cock of the species paraded his rites and charms—but there was no female to respond. So the race died on the Vineyard plains.

The road leaves the plains at the fertile village of West Tisbury, compared by some visitors to Devonshire, no doubt because of its mill pond and thriving foliage, its flocks of sheep, its surrounding moors. There were West Tisbury whaling captains too, and the tradition is evident still, yet this is the Vineyard town with its heart most distant from the sea. The countryside sings of animal husbandry and crops, and, suitably, the annual agricultural fairs are held here.

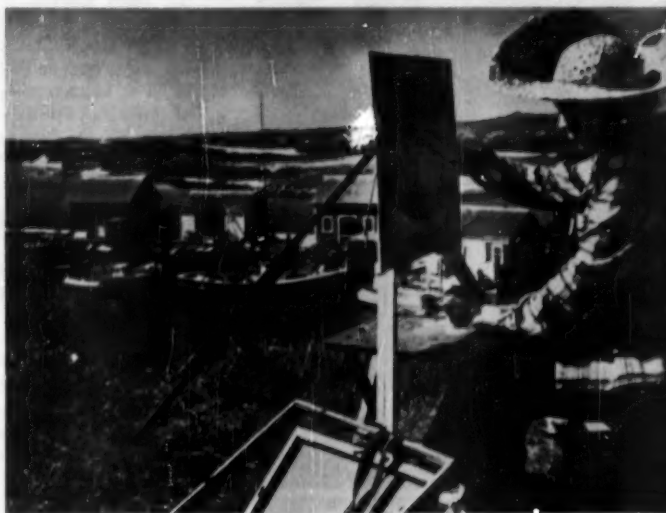
Though the soil—except for some of the bottoms and such valleys as that in which the village of West Tisbury lies—is sandy, and the rainfall often sparse in summer, the island produces an astonishing variety of crops. Its native gifts run to things that like sand and acidity—blueberries, cranberries, potatoes—but with a bit of industry the farmer can raise just about what he chooses.

Perhaps the greatest boon of the climate is the rule

*Fishing boats tied up at Menemsha represent one of island's main industries*



of cool nights all summer long; this, and the sea-moisture in the air. Thus the heat of the day is relieved nightly, and the humidity softens what might be harshness or excess. The contrast of full sun and cool darkness helps produce fine color in roses and other flowers. The Vineyard is one of the most suitable places for roses, and the colors are spectacular, as if to frame a challenge to the newcomer to believe that this island is not really



*Menemsha wharves are big attraction for artists, whose presence does not disturb local way of life*

tropical. Lean New England often achieves such a profigate effect.

Next westerly from West Tisbury, as the road winds generally upward into the hills, is the town of Chilmark, high, airy, and inviting. The highest summit is only 311 feet above the sea but, because of the contrast, it seems loftier. Chilmark is separated from Gay Head by Menemsha Bight and Menemsha Pond, the latter crossed only by a bridge and flanked by a barrier beach.

Self-reliant and self-contained, Chilmark has raised flocks of sheep for three hundred years, and from any hillside a farmer can see the Atlantic on one side and, usually, Vineyard Sound on the other side of the island. Of course, "Menemsha" is one of the Indian names. It belongs also to the fishing village that nestles beside a channel and a basin dug at the turn of the century to form a harbor of refuge at the entrance of Menemsha Pond. The Menemsha fishermen do business in the old way, for their spirit is strongly charged with individualism. Their fishing shacks line the mole, and the scene is bright with lobster pot buoys and tangy with the scent of tarred net and copper paint.

Artists come to Menemsha too, but it is they who are absorbed by the place, not the other way around. Many soon come to look a good deal like fishermen.

Such is Martha's Vineyard, a little continent, with its six individual townships and its living past, as if every era had been a gain and nothing ever wasted. ♦ ♦ ♦

# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' BEACHES?

Answers on page 42



1. According to legend, two Spanish seafarers named this Brazilian beach for a Bolivian mountain town noted for its religious shrine. Trapped in a storm, they prayed to shrine's Virgin and were brought safely to shore here. What is its name?

2. In this Colombian seaport on a beautiful bay, once a pirate stronghold, tourists swim at splendid beaches against a backdrop of fortifications like these. Is it Puerto Colombia, Santa Marta, Buenaventura, or Cartagena?

3. Nightfall at Pocitos Beach, scene of annual national and international swimming meets in \_\_\_\_\_, a country on the north shore of the Río de la Plata where fine beaches attract thousands of tourists annually.

4. This Chilean beach, with the same name as that of a popular U.S. woman novelist of the 1920's, owes its prosperity largely to the gambling casino operating each year from September 15 to March 15. What is it?

5. Many Mexican celebrities and Hollywood movie stars vacation at this resort in the state of Guerrero where one beach is fashionable for morning swimming, another for afternoon. Is it Acapulco, Ensenada, Mazatlán, or Guaymas?

6. Lake Ilopango in a Central American nation that is the world's third largest coffee producer offers excellent fresh-water bathing facilities. Is it in Nicaragua, Costa Rica, El Salvador, or Guatemala?

7. These charming young ladies are enjoying the surf, sun, and sand of Varadero, their country's foremost beach, to which an annual rowing regatta draws thousands of their countrymen. Are they Dominican, Cuban, Puerto Rican, or Panamanian?

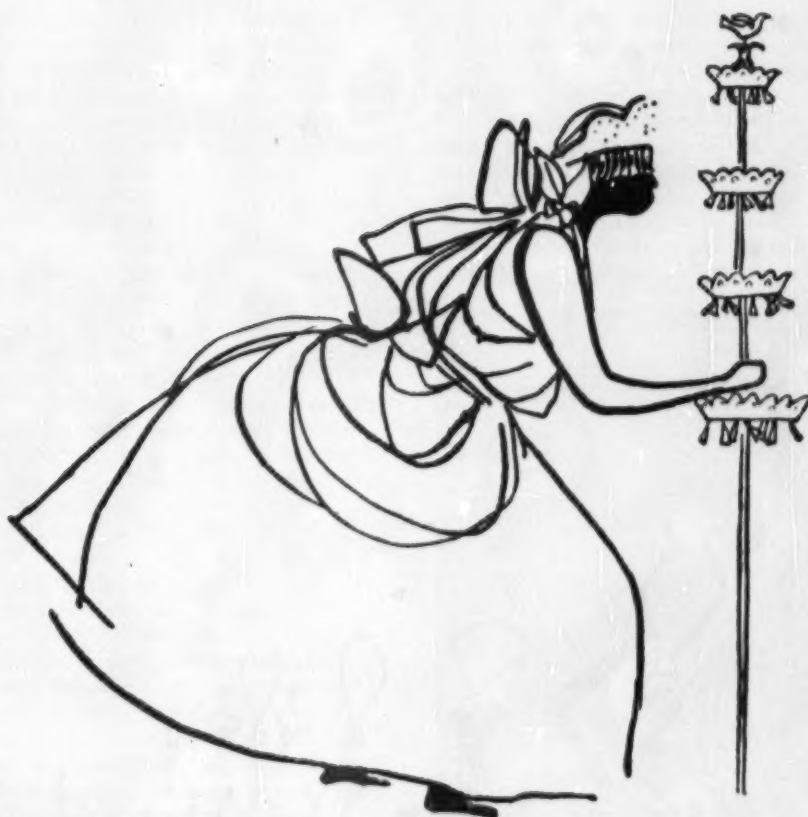
8. A popular rumba is named for this U.S. beach, landmark for international air travelers, famous for its Broadway celebrities, nightclubs, swimming pools, and lavish living. True or false?

9. When this frogman surfaces from exploring the magnificence of the underwater world, he will find himself in a Caribbean republic that has beach resorts named Raymond-les-bains, Le Carrenage, and Lulli, among others. Where is he?

10. Of all the Latin American countries, which one would you say would be most likely to have gauchos working at a beach called Mar del Plata?







"Most of the active participants in candomblé ritual are women called 'holy daughters'."

# THE SACRED WATERS OF OXALÁ

AN EERIE PRE-DAWN VISIT TO A BRAZILIAN VODOO CEREMONY

Robert A. Christopher

Drawings by Carybé

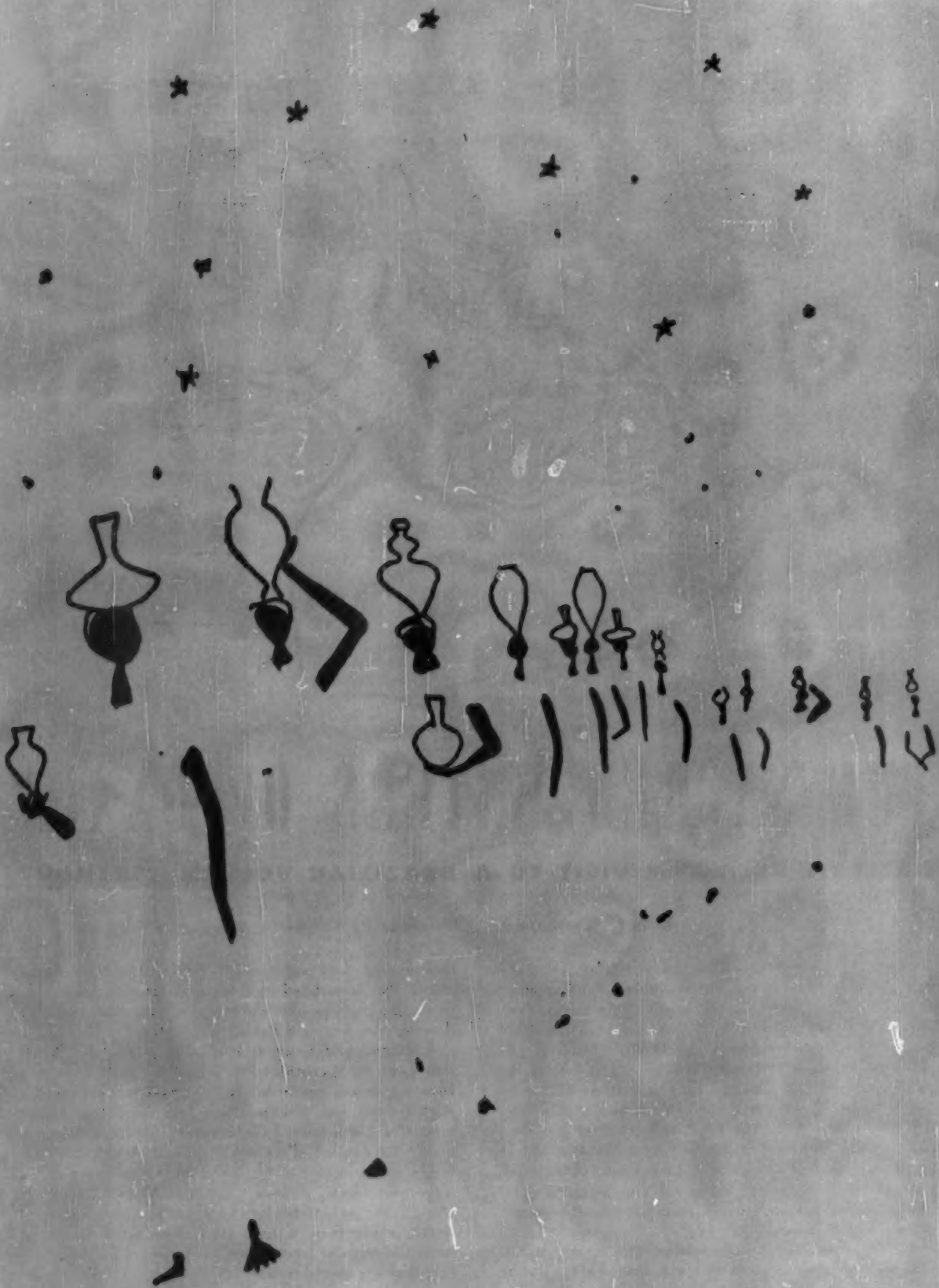
ON A BALMY MOONLIT NIGHT late in September, I had the rare privilege of observing an almost-secret purification rite of the Opô Afonjá *candomblé* outside Bahia. *Candomblé* is a very inclusive word that corresponds roughly to the much more widely publicized "voodoo" of Haiti. In Brazil it is the present-day expression of the polytheistic religion brought long ago from Africa by Negro slaves. The word is also applied, as I applied it in my first sentence, to the communities or groups that practice this religion—in size like congregations, but in spirit and effect like separate denominations of the same general religious faith. *Candomblé* also means the religious ceremonies themselves, especially the ceremonial dances, and their locale.

The Opô (or Okô) Afonjá *candomblé* is located at São Gonçalo do Retiro, a secluded, palm-shaded ridge on the

outskirts of four-centuries-old Bahia. Though not the oldest, it is considered by those familiar with *candomblé* to be the most genuinely African of the many that still flourish in and around Bahia.

A diluted and polluted version of *candomblé* sometimes seen by tourists in Rio de Janeiro or even in São Paulo is called *macumba*. In general less authentically African and less genuinely religious than *candomblé*, *macumba* veers toward the unsavory practices of black magic. *Candomblé* at its best avoids black magic.

The purification rite we saw is an annual event called *Agua de Oxalá*. Edison Carneiro calls it "*Água de Oxalá*" in his interesting little book *Candomblés da Bahia*, and he may be right, but I never heard it referred to in the singular. *Agua* are, of course, waters; in this case they are sacred waters. Oxalá is one of the principal



gods or saints—*orixás*, they are called—of candomblé. In Bahia, Oxalá is considered by many candomblés to be the leading *orixá* or the father of the others, a position formerly ascribed to a supreme deity named Olorun. Oxalá's pre-eminence in Bahia is due largely to the fact that he has become identified in the minds of the candomblé members—virtually all of whom are also Roman Catholics—with Our Lord of Bomfim (Good Fortune), patron saint of the favorite church of Bahian Negroes. Occasionally, Oxalá is even identified with the Holy Spirit. Through a policy of patience, the Church has won the allegiance of virtually all devotees of candomblé. The dual role played by most saints of the Church and *orixás* of candomblé seems to have been a force for reassurance rather than confusion.

Though identified with both sexes, Oxalá is primarily male and is believed to control reproductive functions. However, in candomblé ritual he is chiefly associated with purification rites. His raiment is pure white. His fetishes consist of white beads and cowrie shells and bracelets and rings of lead, nickel, or silver.

At the Opô Afonjá candomblé the Águas de Oxalá purification rite is performed on the last Friday of September. Friday is Oxalá's sacred day. The candomblé of Engenho Velho, oldest in Bahia, celebrates Águas de Oxalá on the last Friday of August. But whenever celebrated, it more or less commences the candomblé calendar, and might be compared with Advent in the Christian calendar.

The ceremony we saw started at three o'clock in the morning. On the ridgetop where the headquarters of the candomblé and the pavilion for most of the ceremonial dances are located, three other North Americans, a Brazilian, a Frenchman, and I had waited in silence for nearly an hour. On the stroke of three, a candomblé dignitary emerged from the shadows tinkling a tiny bell. At the sound the almost-deserted headquarters suddenly came alive as ghostly figures silently approached from all directions. Clad entirely in white, each carried an earthen water pot or vase atop his head or on one shoulder. There was ever so slight a rustling of skirts and a shuffling of bare feet. Most of the active participants in candomblé ritual are women called *filhas de santo* or "holy daughters." On this occasion there were also a few old men. The total of about fifty celebrants quickly formed a single file facing the dirt road.

At a given signal the file began to move forward slowly, silently, and with solemn dignity. A few clouds sailed past the moon, and in the filtered moonlight the procession looked as unreal as a strangely beautiful dream. At a bend in the road it proceeded down a steep hillside, at the base of which lay a sacred spring. One by one the white-robed members of the Opô Afonjá candomblé filled their earthen pots with water, replaced them on their heads or shoulders, and silently ascended the hill. Returning, the procession proceeded to a special hut containing a large receptacle for the sacred waters of Oxalá. Each person in turn entered the hut, poured out the water from the spring, emerged into the night

with an empty pot, and resumed his or her place in the silent column.

The entire procedure of filing noiselessly to the spring, filling each pot with water, returning, and depositing the holy water in the outsize basin took about an hour. Again the procession moved like a giant white snake down to the spring and back to the hut, without haste and without a word. Still a third time, in stately rhythm, the ritual was repeated. By the time the last pot of Águas de Oxalá had been emptied into the overflowing receptacle, it was about six o'clock. The sun was rising, and



"Now some of the daughters began to dance outside the hut at dawn, and those on the sidelines started singing weird, shrill chants"

as the haze vanished from successive ridges, banana and orange groves glistened in the early light. In the distance rose the buildings of the sleepy city. Faint sounds of its awakening were wafted to our ears by the morning breeze. The city was not far away in actual fact, but the past three hours had been shrouded in such an eerie atmosphere that we felt thousands of miles removed.

We were soon roused from our musing, however, by the unmistakable sounds of the African drums and gongs, which precede and accompany the ceremonial dances of candomblé. It seemed hard to believe that we were to witness the familiar "seizures" and "possessions" of the dancing holy daughters before breakfast. All other candomblé dances we had seen were performed at night in the pavilion; but now some of the daughters began to dance outside the water hut at dawn, and those on the sidelines started singing the weird, shrill chants that are an integral part of the ceremonial dances. Nothing could





"The throbbing, pulsating drums, the clanging insistent gongs..."

have contrasted more strongly with the solemnity of the night's proceedings. The throbbing, pulsating drums, the clanging insistent gongs, and the increasing frenzy of the dancing seemed all the more incredible on an empty stomach at dawn. Never had we seen so many of the holy daughters "possessed" by their orixás, going into violent seizures and convulsive trembling, followed by the trance-like performance of the special dances of the orixás. The saint Oxalá must have been well pleased.

When we left to drive back to the city, the sun was quite high and the air warm and sweet with the smell of luxuriant tropical vegetation. We felt as though we were returning from another world. Yet we knew that the people in that other world also live and work in ours. We realized that they find emotional and spiritual outlet, peace and pleasure, in perpetuating the religion of their forefathers side by side with Christianity.

My first visit to the Opô Afonjá candomblé at São Gonçalo do Retiro had also been an occasion to remember. That time I drove out with a Brazilian friend to meet some of the people at the headquarters and make arrangements to attend one of the evening sessions of ceremonial dancing. I took along my copy of Donald Pierson's *Negroes in Brazil*, which contains a photograph of Mãe de Santo (Mother in Sainthood) Aninha, the renowned leader of this candomblé until her death early in January 1938. (The present leader is an impressive woman known simply as Senhora.) Several members of the candomblé led me to the pavilion to show me the Mãe de Santo's "throne," above which hung a large framed photograph of Aninha. It was not the same as the one in Pierson's book, which was also reproduced on the dust jacket. I showed them Aninha's picture in the book, the first time they had seen it; then, at the whispered suggestion of my Brazilian friend, I presented

them with the lithographed dust jacket. This small gesture evoked an abundance of heartwarming delight and gratitude.

Subsequently I witnessed a number of sessions of ceremonial dancing and was invited to partake of some of the sacred foods, one of which tasted and smelled extremely "doggy." Another, *carurú* by name, is an okra preparation of a phlegmy consistency, which is almost impossible to swallow with equanimity.

As I think back on the Águas de Oxalá ceremony, which will always remain one of my most vivid memories of Bahia, the thing that impresses me most is the sincerity of the rite. There was nothing "staged" about it. It would have been performed in exactly the same manner had we not been there. No one objected to our presence, but neither did they pay us any heed.

Some of the less traditional and more opportunistic candomblés will get up a performance on short notice for the governor, the mayor, or any other influential dignitary who wants to show off candomblé to visitors before a scheduled ceremony takes place. Such candomblés thrive on visitors and in some cases will not perform to an empty house. But Opô Afonjá and others that take their candomblé seriously will continue to celebrate their sacred mysteries at odd hours, come rain or shine, with or without visitors.

Like the rose that blooms unseen in the wilderness, the drama of the purification rite of Águas de Oxalá unfolds each year in obscure outskirts of Bahia, unmindful of the sleeping citizenry. The silence and solemn dignity of these pagan devotions create a singular aura of purity and beauty, largely unseen and unsung. ♦ ♦ ♦



"The saint Oxalá must have been well pleased"

# OAS

## FOTO FLASHES



When OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico (right) handed his gavel to OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil, he turned over the duties of Chairman of the Inter-American Peace Committee to his successor. As representative of one of the five countries on the Committee—Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Brazil, and the United States—Dr. Lobo will head the group for a term of one year. The Inter-American Peace Committee, created at the Havana Foreign Ministers Conference in 1940, was made permanent at the Tenth Inter-American Conference held at Caracas in 1954. Its sole duty is to insure a quick and peaceful solution to any conflicts or disputes that may arise between states.

**On Panamanian Independence Day**—November 3—OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila (left) and Mrs. Dávila (second from right) entertained local Panamanians. Chatting with Dr. Dávila are (from left) Dr. Juan Manuel Méndez Mérida, Minister Counselor of the Panamanian Embassy in Washington and his country's alternate representative on the OAS Council; and Dr. Julio E. Heurtematte, Financial Counselor of the embassy and Panamanian representative on the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. Talking with Mrs. Dávila are (from left) Mrs. Esther Neira de Calvo, Executive Secretary of the Inter-American Commission of Women; Mrs. Heurtematte; and Mrs. Méndez Mérida.



Just elected Vice Chairman and Chairman, respectively, of the OAS Council, OAS Ambassador José Ramón Rodríguez of the Dominican Republic (left) and OAS Ambassador José A. Mora of Uruguay, who is also his country's envoy to Washington, posed with the retiring Chairman, Dr. Héctor David Castro of El Salvador, Ambassador to the United States and the OAS; and the retiring Vice Chairman, OAS Ambassador José R. Chiriboga of Ecuador. The OAS Council heads hold office for one year.



After the meeting of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council at which a new Chairman and Vice Chairman were elected, OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila (right) held a small celebration in his office. On hand were (from left) Dr. Armando C. Amador of Mexico, the new Vice Chairman; Dr. César Bunge y Álvarez Calderón of Argentina, the new Chairman; and Mr. Jorge Hazera of Costa Rica, the retiring Chairman.

**At the opening** of the Birds of Argentina Exhibit at the Pan American Union, which included watercolors by the Argentine artist Salvador Magno, stuffed birds from the Smithsonian Institution, and a live crested screamer from the National Zoological Park, one of the specimens attracted the attention of Juan Alberto and Karen Dorothea, children of OAS Ambassador José Carlos Vittone of Argentina (right) and Mrs. Vittone (third from right). Sharing the youngsters' enthusiasm are (from left) OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado of Colombia, OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico, Mrs. Sylvan Marshall, and Mrs. Quintanilla.



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# Your



# in Peru

Unique chain of government-built hotels welcomes tourists

Pilar Laña Santillana and Catalina Cassinelli

WHEN THE FIRST MOTOR CARS arrived in Peru during the first decade of this century, Peruvians found themselves with a toy of debatable utility and scanty entertainment value. The topography of the country, one of the most rugged and varied in the world, has always been a formidable obstacle to communication, hurling a challenge to all comers in the shape of burning deserts along the coast, two columns of perpendicular mountains, and thick forests in the Amazonian East. The Incas accepted the challenge, and their gigantic labors have become legendary. Though they knew nothing of the wheel, they knew how to conquer the terrain—the mountains with stone stairways, the deserts with wide roads, fenced so that travelers should not go astray. Along the routes they established stopping places called *tambos*, each with food and drink and a detachment of guards. Those *tambos* were our first hotels.

The Spaniards introduced horses. While allowing much of the Inca organization to disappear, they adapted the old roads to this new means of transport. Improbable paths beaten by horseshoes edged peaks and precipices, and, meshed with jungle trails and caravan routes across tablelands and deserts, sufficed for three centuries of exploiting the country's wealth. Haciendas replaced the *tambos*, because horses could be cared for there.

Then came the first Ford. Without waiting for govern-

ment action, private citizens invented the dangerous sport of getting the Ford into places and under circumstances that would have horrified the manufacturers. Brimming with enthusiasm, they laid dry cotton branches over the sand or two planks over a rushing stream, they scoured twelve-thousand-foot tablelands for the firmest ground, they wrapped chains around their tires and slithered up and down the narrow horse trails cut into mountainsides, they hacked paths through the jungle with machetes. In this way the routes were established for today's border-to-border highways. Who cared about such luxuries as hotels? The traveler would seek out the people of some hacienda along his way and ask for a night's lodging (if, indeed, contact had not already been made by their helping him with his stalled car); the home of some village notable or the car itself might also serve the purpose. Everywhere, the arrival of an automobile was an occasion for celebration among the inhabitants; all doors were open to the intrepid motorists, who were repaid for their exertions with warm friendships. This generous hospitality did nothing to encourage the improvement of such comfortless establishments as there were, so that as the rise of domestic tourism and the strengthening of bonds between various sections of the country obliged travelers to frequent them, lodging became the unknown quantity of every journey.



Arriving at any hotel in the interior twenty-five years ago, you would find a certain patriarchal charm and simplicity, to be sure, and you would be cordially welcomed, but you could expect to plunge at once into adventure. No sooner would you discover that in order to accommodate you old guests had been moved out (their possessions and family portraits were strewn about the room) than you would realize that the door between your room and the adjoining one had no lock, and intimacy was emphasized by a curtain hastily nailed round the opening. Sometimes you had to share your room with strangers who, sleepless like yourself, would tell you the story of their lives. In busy seasons you were given a choice, as a special favor, between the sofa in the lounge and the billiard table. We shall always recall with emotion Independence Day at a little hotel in La Merced where, after an uproarious night climaxed at dawn by the prayers of an Arab addressing himself to Allah in a room separated from ours only by a low partition topped with canvas, we breakfasted at a common table in a dirt-floored dining room. As we finished, the proprietress—the daughter of German settlers and the widow of three Peruvians who had successively fallen in the battle to cultivate the jungle—invited us to join in singing the national anthem and to drink to the progress of the country and the jungle region. So tourists, highway engineers; settlers from the interior with produce for sale, modest village functionaries, mingled in a fraternal embrace. Upon leaving, we found at the doorway a group of Campa Indians with tunics, feathers, and arrows, attracted to La Merced by the market and the festivities. One entered the shack of a Japanese barber and, propping his arrows against the

chair, sat down solemnly and asked the Figaro to trim his thick tonsure and his medieval-style wig, copied by his people, with the tunic, from Franciscan missionaries.

What with Peru's attractions for both domestic and foreign tourists, it was obvious that sooner or later the government would consider measures for developing a profitable industry, and equally obvious that one of the first steps would have to be decent hotels. By the mid-thirties the country had a network of highways; then, in 1938, the romantic era was dealt its death blow by the passage of a law authorizing the construction of a chain of tourist hotels at sites selected for their scenic attractions, historical interest, or importance as travel centers. Beginning with a comfortable bungalow hotel at Tingo Maria in the eastern forests, which promptly became a popular resort, seventeen have been built, in addition to a small lodge at the Inca ruins of Machu Picchu opened before promulgation of the law. Eventually there will be forty. All are accessible by air and by road.

The hotels are administered by an autonomous agency, the Hotel Company of Peru, whose board of directors includes some of the leading representatives of Peruvian industry, commerce, and banking. Just as the company itself makes no profit (but needs no subsidy, its income being sufficient to allow for steady improvement of hotel services and facilities), these members serve without pay.

Many of the hotels are in the master hands of Swiss managers. Skilled staffs are provided by the company's personnel-training school in Lima. Although local help is plentiful, it is not always dependable. Mountain Indians, for example, who have their own plots of land, accept employment only when they are not busy farming. If the

*Three-story Hotel Huancayo houses one hundred guests. Indian fair is held every Sunday just outside gardens*



hotels were locally staffed, they would lose all their help at the first sound of the horn announcing the harvest festival, and even though some of the more spirited guests might also abandon the hotel to attend the fiesta, most would angrily protest about South American inefficiency. Nor could the average tourist stand the elastic concept of time that prevails in the jungle. Unconvinced that the white man's ways are best, jungle inhabitants frequently feel an irresistible impulse to drop everything and take to the woods again.



*Tingo María, deep in the interior, offers private cabins around the main pavilion, is popular with hunters*

With a few exceptions, the hotels are built in the Spanish colonial style that blends so well with our landscape and traditions. They were decorated by Anita Trou, whose good taste is proverbial in Peru, with emphasis on informal, homelike comfort. In every way they make it easy for their guests to get acquainted with the country—their dining rooms offer regional specialties, their managements help in organizing excursions, they are social centers that attract the local people. Rates vary from hotel to hotel; a single room without meals costs between twenty and forty-five soles per day (the sol is worth a little over five cents at the free rate), plus taxes amounting to 6 per cent and a 10 per cent tip included in the bill. Some also provide American plan. Reservations may be made through the central office in Lima or with the individual hotels.

As a result of the government initiative, to which the whole Peruvian tourist industry owes its existence, you can travel the length of the coast road—over twelve hundred miles—and go where you will in the interior, and a good modern hotel is always within easy distance. Even today many of the small communities served by the company could not support privately run hotels of that caliber; in 1938 there was no temptation at all for private investors.

As you enter Peru from Ecuador, the first hotel lies just south of the border at the tropical port of Tumbes, the oldest Spanish settlement in Peru. Here Pizarro landed, and from here he launched his campaign against the Inca

Empire. The second hotel is at Piura, capital of a rich department where oil circulates beneath the sands, Pima cotton—the finest in the world—grows in the valleys, and game fish abound along the coast.

About 250 miles south of Piura, you may stay at the manorial hotel in Trujillo. This Spanish city preserves its retiring nature, its ornate ironwork, its bronze-bound doors. The center of the advanced Chimú civilization, whose monarchs were the last to submit to Inca domination, was just north of here at Chan-Chan. The ruins are an amazing sight; many of the treasures found there can be seen today at the private Larco Herrera Museum on the Chiclin hacienda nearby.

From Trujillo it is a little over three hundred miles to Lima, the capital. With luxurious establishments like the Crillon and the Bolívar, as well as others less elaborate, Lima needs no government hotel, and its charms are too well known to require description here.

You go to the interior by car or railroad—the highway and the tracks run nearly parallel. This trip will acquaint you with one of the most daring feats of engineering ever attempted. The Central Railway makes an average climb of twenty-seven feet per minute, traversing dozens of bridges and tunnels, doubling back on itself in horseshoe curves, and climbing to over fifteen thousand feet to become the highest standard-gauge line in the world. Over the frigid punas you travel, through Ticlio and Galera, to



*Comfortable, informal atmosphere of main lobby of Hotel Camaná, on the southern coast, is boon to weary travelers*

Oroya, an unattractive mining and industrial town but a center from which roads branch out to more favored places. To go to Huánuco or Tingo María and the jungle you take the northern route across the desolate plateau of Junin, site of one of the epic battles of our war for independence.

With its beauty and a climate that touches the complexions of its lovely women with spring tints, Huánuco calls to mind the inspired poetry of Amarylis and the bewitching grace of La Perricholi, who were born there. In architecture and atmosphere, the Huánuco hotel maintains the noble Spanish character of the city.

Tingo María, the place of the euphonious name and gentle climate, comes into view amid a roar of engines that testifies to the activity of this progressive region. At the edge of the Huallaga River rise the rustic but well-equipped main pavilion and cabins of the tourist hotel. Fishing in the mountain streams, canoeing or swimming in the river, hunting tapir or jaguars, exploring the stalactite-studded grotto, are activities to lure the most indifferent; a vitamin-charged diet of delicious local tropical fruits and the serenity of an Eden-like atmosphere



Bar at Hotel Cuzco is ideal for parties or pick-me-ups after a day of sightseeing

refresh those who have been wearing themselves out since Lima in the effort to know our huge and elusive Peru.

Clean and delightful Tarma is east of Oroya over one of the best roads on the continent—almost a straight line despite the rugged terrain. Founded in 1545, Tarma was the birthplace of sturdy pioneers whose descendants still cultivate the haciendas they founded in the central jungle. The new tourist hotel, situated on the spot where it can best adorn the countryside and in turn be adorned by it, is exquisitely furnished; classic prism lamps and graceful Spanish lanterns light its long galleries, and in the dining room and bar are regional decorative motifs and three beautiful frescoes by the noted Arequipa painter Teodoro Núñez Ureta.

From here in a single day you can visit the Chanchamayo Valley, famous for coffee plantations and fruit. In the little villages of San Ramón and La Merced, you will see some of the aborigines of this not entirely civilized region, who paint their faces with *achiote* and wear nothing but *cushmas*, or tunics, that cover them from neck to heels. Though members of the wild, primitive tribes of the region, these Chunchos sometimes hire themselves out as hacienda laborers. Aware by now of how to please tourists, they pose for photographs without embarrassment. Since the small hotels or *tambos* in these places afford little in the way of comfort, you must return to Tarma after a long but fascinating day ended by the awesome jungle night closing down over the vivid landscape.

Huancayo, south of Oroya, presents a sharp contrast in architecture, costume, and human types. Another excellent tourist hotel greets you at the ancient plaza of Huanamarca, which today renders homage to the War of the Pacific hero Francisco Bolognesi. Beautiful highland textiles give a warmth to the interior of the hotel that is surprising after the coldness of its exterior. Most tourists make it a point to arrive in time for the colorful Sunday market. Not far from town is the ancient Convent of Ocopa, with a rich library, a number of beautiful murals, and a museum of Peruvian fauna.

Even remote Abancay, through which you pass if you take the highland route from Huancayo to Cuzco, has a tourist hotel no less handsome and comfortable than those in more strategic places. But let us return to Lima, take a few days for a flight to Iquitos, and then head south along the coast.

Iquitos, capital of the eastern forest lands, has known spectacular boom, when rubber production was at its height about fifty years ago, and spectacular bust when the rubber market collapsed. Founded by Marshal Castilla in 1865, it is a place where the savage and the ultracivilized go hand in hand. A major Amazon port and, because of its air connection with Lima, a link between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Iquitos is hemmed in by impenetrable jungle and hints at the dangerous and the unknown. Yet a completely modern hotel awaits you in



Cuzco, archeological pride of South America, boasts one of most modern tourist hotels, with accommodations for 160 guests

this unique city of sorcerers, legends, terrors, and twentieth-century conveniences brought in by plane.

About three hundred miles south of Lima is the pleasant hotel at Nazca, inland a bit in a cotton- and fruit-growing valley still irrigated by a network of pre-Inca canals, many of which flow underground. Another is eighty miles away at the port of Chala, a fishermen's paradise with a superb beach. Where the road turns away from the coast to head for Arequipa is Camaná, with another hotel.

Finally, about 110 miles beyond, the second largest city of the republic, Arequipa, stands nearly eight thousand feet above sea level at the foot of Misti Volcano. Thousands of tourists pay homage to Arequipa's proverbial beauty: its large houses and churches in distinctive





Machu Picchu lodge, for visitors to Inca ruins. Choice of sites is based on historical or scenic interest or location on main routes

criollo style, and the capricious outlines of the volcanoes against an incomparable sky. The recently enlarged tourist hotel, set amid gardens in the handsome suburb of Selva Alegre, commands a panoramic view of the broad valley and "white city" (so named for the volcanic stone of which it is built). Though international cuisine is available at the hotel, you will do well to sample Arequipa cookery, renowned for typical dishes seasoned with the local variety of chile known as *rocoto*. The Arequipa valley also produces corn for *chicha*, a beverage that neutralizes the pungency of the *rocoto*, which in turn counteracts the intoxicating effects of the *chicha*. Your nostalgia on leaving this land of poets and revolutionaries soon gives way to anticipation as you near Cuzco and the Sacred Valley of the Incas.

If you fly over the arrogant peaks, you can make out the limitless Kollao plains, broken only by the calm waters of legendary Titicaca and the tumbling Vilcanota River. In the heart of this myth-laden land, set down in the very center of the thousand-year-old imperial city, is one of the most modern and beautiful of all the tourist hotels.

The management will help you arrange your trips to the nearby ruins of Sacsahuamán, Kenko, Pucará, and

Tambomachay, where your imagination will effortlessly transport you back through the centuries into the life of an extraordinary race. Regular excursions are also organized by the hotel, among them one to the village of Pisac, where each Sunday the *warayocs*, or mayors of the Indian communities, assemble for mass in ancient ceremonial dress, and folkloric dances are performed to strange music. You can engage mules and ascend to the famous ruins. Or, for a change, try the Urubamba Valley, where the Spanish aristocracy of Cuzco maintained summer homes. A hotel in the town of Urubamba will soon be ready for guests. You cross the same valley to visit the fortress of Ollantaytambo and Machu Picchu.

You will go to Machu Picchu, whatever your profession, education, or intention. The trip is made by *auto-carril*—a car mounted on railroad tracks. Soon the stimulating cold of the mountain dawn gives way to the warmth of the valley, and as you reach the terminal you will admire the lush vegetation that once hid the stupendous ruins and now frames them. From the station a motor road ascends to the ruins, or—and this is much more impressive—you can go on muleback up a broad trail. Beside the ruins and surrounded by fantastic peaks, a small stone inn shelters you, as it has sheltered scholars, government dignitaries, the Prince of Wales, and thousands of anonymous tourists.

Your last stop in the Peruvian highlands will be at Puno, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, to visit the lakeside Indian villages and see the colonial architecture of such towns as Juli and Pomata. From the fire always blazing on its hearth to the fur rugs on its floor, the hotel at Puno will console you for the piercing cold.

And so back to the sea. Just as Peru welcomed you with a fine hotel, it bids you farewell with another—at Tacna, on the Chilean frontier. ♦ ♦ ♦

## GRAPHICS CREDITS

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## EMBASSY ROW

**Ambassador Tito Gutiérrez Alfaro**, who represents Venezuela on the OAS Council, was born in Caracas at the turn of the century and studied political and social science and law at the Central University there. Later he did graduate work in Europe. He founded the Free School of Economic and Social Sciences, established its chair in social law, and was the first to hold it, after winning an open competition. He has been director of the Venezuelan National Labor Office; legal consultant to the Ministries of Public Works, Agriculture and Stockraising, and Internal Affairs and to the federal district government; and chairman of the Commission on International Law Studies of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He has also represented the federal district in the national Congress, where he served as chairman of two Permanent Committees—those on Labor and Development. Ambassador Gutiérrez is the son of Pedro Elías Gutiérrez, author of *Alma Llanera*, which is considered virtually the national anthem of Venezuela.



**The Ambassador and his family** on the steps of the gracious Georgian Embassy. Standing are Mrs. Belén Acevedo de Ramírez, Dr. Gutiérrez' mother-in-law, who has always lived with the family; Mrs. Gutiérrez, the former Belén Cecilia Ramírez; the Ambassador; and thirteen-year-old Belén Cecilia. Mrs. Gutiérrez' niece Elisa Ramírez, who is living at the Embassy while she attends art school in Washington, is seated on the steps with Tashia Mercedes Gutiérrez, eleven. A seventeen-year-old son, Martín Jacinto, is away at military school.

**Mrs. Gutiérrez** has collected splendid examples of Portuguese, Colombian, Peruvian, and Mexican silver during her travels as an Ambassador's wife. She is an enthusiastic assistant to her husband, and has also written penetrating and humorous articles on her observations, published under a pseudonym.



**The Gutiérrezes** frequently lunch in the interior courtyard of the Embassy, which is roofed with glass.





*The rent-a-car system enables tourists to sample Mexico's fine highways, such as the new four-lane Mexico City-Cuernavaca parkway . . .*

# drive-it-yourself IN MEXICO

**A practical way to visit spots  
you'd otherwise miss**

**Esther and Wilbur Cross**

ONE PLEASANT SUNDAY EVENING last May we dined leisurely in a wine-scented French bistro in New York. By noon the next day we had left the atmosphere of *coq au vin* and oysters Provençal far behind. Our repast was hearty picnic fare; our setting, the magnificent pine-crested highlands of Central Mexico. Less than thirty yards away, parked at the side of the paved mountain highway, was our car, ready to whisk us on again in the direction of our choice.

This delightful bit of magic was made possible by convenient overnight plane flights to Mexico City and new facilities for renting drive-it-yourself automobiles.

In the past, travelers from the eastern or midwestern United States often considered it impractical to motor to the land of the Aztecs, since driving to and from the border alone would consume so much of their vacation time. It was even a long haul for Western families, for most tourists set their sights on Mexico City, some seven hundred miles below the border, or perhaps on targets like Acapulco and Oaxaca, which are closer to a thousand. For them the drive-it-yourself offers a painless solution.

We, who like the average United States couple have always considered a car the key to vacation success, spent three fun-packed weeks exploring Mexico in a rented Chevrolet. The experience was refreshing and enchanting. The roads are well engineered and smooth-surfaced and—unless you contemplate an archeological expedition into remote hinterlands—go almost anywhere you have in mind. Gas stations, eating places, and comfortable accommodations to fit every travel budget are sprinkled over the countryside at decent intervals. That doesn't mean you'll find a Howard Johnson's at every main intersection or a ten-story Hilton in every hamlet. But you'll encounter a wide range of facilities, from humble pensions and provincial inns to modern motor courts and resort hotels. And having a car will double your chances of finding the right lodging at the right time.

"Driving may be all right in the smaller towns,"



warned an elderly acquaintance, "but the ghost of Montezuma couldn't scare me into getting behind the wheel in Mexico City." She had been to the capital some twenty years ago and remembered a cacophony of horns serenading the city twenty-four hours a day. Our only scrimmage with horn and brake was on the taxi ride to La Guardia Airport in New York. Frankly, I'd rather drive in Mexico City, where bumper-to-bumper traffic is unknown. For the main arteries are spacious, with traffic circles at major intersections and a well-timed system of traffic signals. Today the motorist who carelessly lets his hand flick the horn is asking for a reprimand from one of the courteous policemen stationed at strategically placed raised wooden platforms.

Besides the saving in time and mileage, renting a car offers other advantages over taking your own: you avoid the bother of vehicle customs papers; you need not take out insurance (whereas your own automotive insurance is generally not valid in Mexico, a rented car includes complete coverage); and you don't have to foot the bill for damage and major repairs.

When we stepped off the plane, Mr. C.A. San Román, energetic manager of the Mexican branch of Hertz Drive-Your-Self System, took us in tow, convoyed us through customs, loaded our suitcases into the trunk compartment, and had us on the open road before most of our fellow plane passengers had opened their bags for inspection. As an extra dividend, he had brought us the latest-model Chevrolet sedan "in a pretty sky-blue tone, Mr. Cross, because you said you will be taking many color pictures."

The Hertz Mexico City headquarters include an office at the airport and another in town; elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere Hertz operates in the Virgin Islands (St. Croix); in Cuba (Havana); in Haiti (Port-au-Prince); on a wide scale throughout Canada; and, of course, in the United States. Requirements for deposits vary according to the length of rentals and miles to be covered. Those with Hertz courtesy cards (available upon written request through any Hertz office) need not pay a deposit; people without a card requiring a car in Mexico for about two weeks put down a deposit of about fifty dollars.

The Avis Rent-A-Car System is represented in Mexico City by Manuel Elizondo from an office at the Hotel del Prado. It furnishes 1952 Buicks and late model Pontiacs. The rate is eight dollars per day, plus five cents per kilometer (eight cents a mile). A deposit of forty-eight dollars is required; the office supplies oil and insurance, the customer buys the gasoline. There is a 10 per cent discount on weekly rentals. The rates for the two systems are about the same (Hertz Chevrolets cost forty-five dollars per week), but Hertz operates on a nine-cents-per-mile basis and absorbs the charges on all gasoline, oil, repairs, and so on, for which the driver collects receipts. Avis also makes available bonded English-speaking guide-drivers at six dollars extra per day for Mexico City or ten dollars for out-of-town driving.

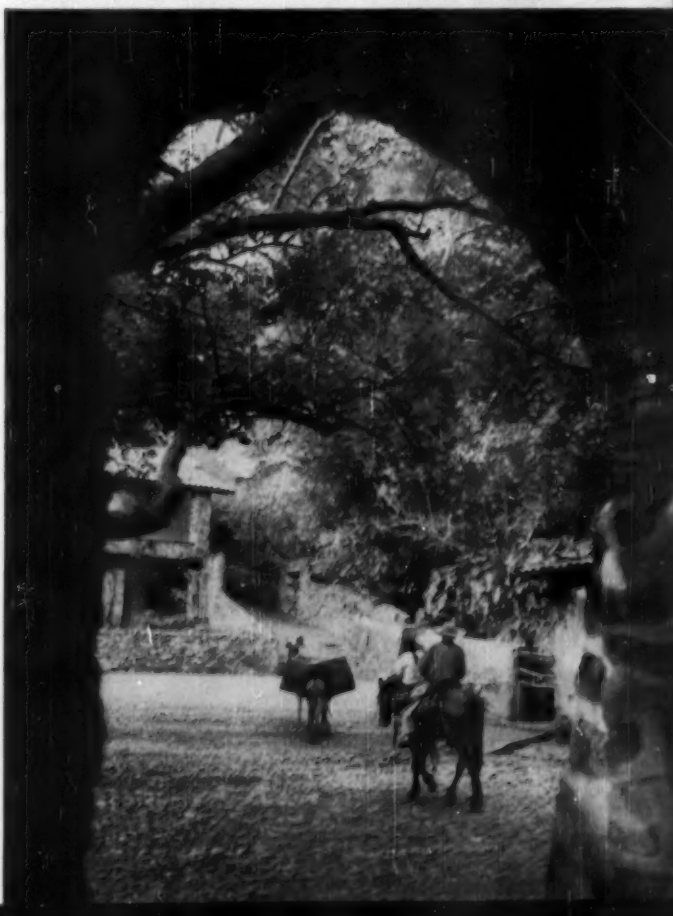
"Didn't you ever lose your way?" someone asked us. "Central Mexico is awfully big." Well, so is Texas or Quebec. Kilometer posts mark the main routes, and we quickly became accustomed to the road signs. (When our

trip began, my wife's Spanish was limited to *buenos días* and *gracias*; mine consisted of vague recollections of the language picked up during a journey to South America.) The Government Tourist Bureau (Avenida Juárez 89, Mexico City) will supply motorists with authorized guides at nominal cost, but we never felt the need for the service. Our only guide was a dollar pocket compass from the magnificent new Sears Roebuck store in the capital. In small towns, where our enthusiasm carried us down quaint side streets or through teeming marketplaces, we often became so absorbed in the sights that we ended up hopelessly lost. The compass was good moral support after one of these excursions.

We purposely ruled out a rigid itinerary, although we hoped to visit Mexico City, Cuernavaca, Taxco, and Acapulco. Beyond that, our meanderings were governed completely by chance, whimsy, and budget. It may be a lingering reaction to army service, but I belong to the school that interprets a vacation as a period in which schedules are outlawed. Recklessly, we avoided making hotel reservations in advance. But then it was the off-season period—May through September—when tourists are scarcer and rates about 10 per cent lower.

From the start our private conveyance gave us a ready advantage over travelers who had to rely on common carriers or tour cars. On the outskirts of the capital we stopped at an immense supermarket and loaded a soap box with an assortment of snacks. From the liquor de-

... and to search out hidden but luxurious stopping places like this hotel near Taxco, the old San Francisco de Cuadra Hacienda



partment, a standard section of large grocery stores in Mexico, we came away with a gallon bottle of fine Bacardi rum priced at a mere \$2.40. This formed the *pièce de résistance* for our "cocktail kit," a leather overnight bag that also contained fresh limes, bottled soda, crackers, jars of cheese, and pertinent utensils. This portable bar accompanied us into every hotel thereafter for many pleasant and inexpensive cocktail hours on the balconies or terraces of our rooms.

The first town we rambled through was mountain-ringed Cuernavaca, some fifty miles south of Mexico City. The new toll parkway (sixty cents each way) soars up to ten thousand feet; beyond the turreted peaks you can see the majestic cone of Popocatepetl, almost double this altitude. It is a curious anomaly to speed smoothly at sixty miles per hour over the magnificent four-lane divided roadbed, then suddenly find yourself on a narrow one-way street lined with adobe façades of every color of the rainbow.

Whether your interest is art, architecture, history, or people, Cuernavaca is a fascinating spot, from the magnificent, patioed homes on the outskirts, each with its palm-fringed swimming pool, down to the barnyard atmosphere of the lively market place. We parked about once every two blocks to survey on foot the things that caught our eye in this ornate Colonial town—photogenic Moorish windows, oak doors studded with hand-wrought copper nails, colorful fabric shops, the Cortés Palace with its fading Diego Rivera frescoes of the Revolution.

Originally we had planned on bivouacking for the night in Cuernavaca, but toward late afternoon, inspiration struck. "What was that resort *hacienda* the plane stewardess had discovered? Didn't she tell us it was nearby?" We scanned the map. It was only half an hour's drive to the gracious old Hacienda Vista Hermosa, another sixteenth-century product of Cortés, which has been restored as a resort hotel. We could run down for dinner and, if we liked the place and a room was available, spend the night.

To say that we liked the hacienda would be gross understatement. We fell in love with it. After driving through a stretch of barren, erosion-furrowed plains, we turned up a side road neatly marked by a modest sign and hesitatingly ventured through an ancient stone gateway. So old and venerable did it seem that we felt a distinct uneasiness, as if we were riding a bicycle into church. Inside was a cool, fertile oasis. The fern-padded banks edging the road were jeweled with camellias, orchids, lilies, and roses. Above them, palm leaves nodded sleepily, and the heady odor of the tropics perfumed the air. Some two hundred yards away stood the stately, snow-white walls of the hacienda, spotlessly clean and inviting. We knew we had to remain, even if it meant sleeping in the car.

For three days and nights we enjoyed a life of sumptuous ease, where Spanish and Mexican rulers had enjoyed carefree leisure hours since the days of the Conquest. (We even returned for two more days at the end of our free-wheeling safari.) The cost was twelve dollars a day for a double room, with meals, dancing, and



*Peaceful byways are within easy reach of vacationers who choose to drive themselves with personally designed itineraries*

gigantic picnic lunches on the days we chose to explore the impressive Caverns of Cacahuamilpa and nearby Lake Tequesquitengo. The large vaulted bedrooms were adorned with valuable antique paintings, wood carvings, and hand-hewn oak furniture. Then there was the story-book beauty of the little white street, Callejón de Esperanza, with its grilled windows, graceful archway, and historic mission bells. To top it off, gracious Mr. Casanova, one of the hacienda's rebuilders, and his charming niece, María de Lourdes Montero, treated us more like personal friends than paying guests. We were almost mesmerized into remaining for the whole three weeks.

We were particularly sorry to have left when we first reached our next destination, Taxco. Though the town itself is one of the most exquisite examples of colonial beauty in all Mexico, we got the distinct impression of a "tourist trap." Our trusty car saved the day by quickly removing us from the vicinity of the central plaza, where many a hapless tourist was floundering balefully among street urchins and souvenir vendors, praying that his tour car would soon be ready to move on. As we drove down the almost empty cobbled side streets, we could easily understand why the government has made this a national monument and forbidden the building of modern structures within its limits. From where we parked near the old market place (nobody there tried to sell us anything, watch our "carr," or polish the fenders), we viewed the inspiring hillside panorama of red-tiled rooftops, with the towering Santa Prisca Church.

In Taxco we initiated our "Christmas carton." Our budget left little room for souvenirs, but in a burst of foresight we had compiled a Christmas list on the chance

that we could buy unusual gifts at half the price we'd normally spend at home. Now we had reached the stage where every time one of us pulled a sock or handkerchief out of a bag, some little gewgaw would clatter to the floor. So for two dollars we bought a cheap cardboard suitcase, kept it in the trunk compartment, and at the end of the day tucked into it our accumulated loot and sales slips. This simplified matters at customs on the return trip, too, since all items on the declaration list were in the same place.

Anyone who expects to make many gift purchases will find that a rented automobile pays for itself in the money saved buying at good shops in the small towns instead of at hotel gift shops or stores that happen to be handy. Here are a few buying tips we'd have welcomed at the planning stage: Don't pack a hoard of toilet articles, film, and similar expendable items; all can be purchased reasonably in Mexican towns. Make a check list of shirts, blouses, handbags, and sports clothes you expect to buy sometime in the next few months anyway; then take your suitcase half empty and purchase these items on your trip. You'll add distinction to your wardrobe by picking up bargains in leather goods, delicate hand-embroidered blouses and slips, fine colored fabrics from Oaxaca, and colorful beach wear. Purchased in reliable shops, these can be counted on for fast colors and long wear. And even in the best shops, you can have the fun of dickering over the price on most articles. Lists of reliable stores in well-traveled areas are furnished by the Government Tourist Bureau, air lines, and travel bureaus.

Taxco boasts many fine hostleries, but once again we were seeking the unusual. We found it by exploring south of town, investigating a chance remark that there was another hacienda nearby which had opened its gate to guests. Hidden almost six miles up a narrow, winding road that passed several small but active silver mines lay the historic Hacienda San Francisco de Cuadra. It proved to be a remarkable find, with comfortable fa-

cilities and excellent food. The courtyard, shaded by a huge tree that formed a natural umbrella, was the junction point of three ancient Indian roads, accessible only to burro and foot traffic. In the morning and early evening a constant stream of burro trains, cattle, children, and farmers flowed to market and back. The atmosphere inspires complete relaxation. A spacious pool is fed by an age-old viaduct bringing water from the mountains. As one of the managers told us in charming English, "You have always the feeling that you are sitting on some centuries."

We loafed at this fascinating Shangri-La for two days and nights at an average of eleven-fifty per day. That included all meals, modest tips, and a gargantuan picnic lunch that the desk clerk proudly presented to us with the compliments of the house as we shoved off for Acapulco.

The six-hour drive through the foothills to Acapulco included a baker's dozen obstacle courses—hot, dusty stretches where a new super-highway was under construction. However, future motorists will find this inconvenience replaced by a one-dollar toll. We cruised over semi-arid plains, past crumbling haciendas, across sugar canefields intersected with irrigation canals and aqueducts, through eroded ravines where overhanging peaks glittered in the sun like Gothic temples.

Of all Mexico, it is in Acapulco that a family car is most essential. For two hours after crossing the city line, we cruised the streets, inspecting every likely hotel with care. Shopping around for hotel rooms is a welcome feature of motoring in Mexico, especially during the bargain season (May through September), when even the most popular resort areas like Acapulco are uncrowded. It's an amusing form of recreation, too, in which the desk clerk joins with great glee. Even when you select the hotel you want, it's a good idea to take the grand tour of several types of rooms. Sometimes you'll find a cheaper one more to your liking. And more times than not, the

*A car of your own in Acapulco gives you freedom to explore the variety of beaches and to shop around for a hotel*





desk clerk's idea of "the best room in the house" won't coincide with yours.

One hotel was rejected because of price, another because the rooms had no view, a third because it faced a noisy street. Finally we settled on El Pozo del Rey (The King's Well). Small and friendly, it has only twelve rooms, each opening onto a tropical garden and within a hop-skip-and-jump of the swimming pool. The damage? Only eleven dollars per day for two, American plan. Martin Marsalis, the owner, retired from a successful business in the States so that he and his wife could enjoy the friendliness and easy pace of Mexico's most famous resort.

After soaking up sun, sand, and salt all morning, we usually devoted afternoons to leisurely explorations along the coast. Ten miles away lay the fascinating beach at Pie de la Cuesta, where the two-story breakers thundered with magnificent abandon. Farther north lay seldom-visited lakes, coconut plantations, and snug Indian villages. We skirted tiny brick factories, and snug Indian villages. We skirted tiny brick factories, and streams where the entire populace, in various stages of dress and undress, churned the water with laundry methods that would have demolished a suit of chain mail in three washings.

Some eight miles south of Acapulco is the enchanting little bay of Puerto Marqués, with its vest-pocket fishing village cradled in the hills. Regular hotel tours transport guests over the modern new highway to this beautiful port, even adding a quick stopover at the Revolcadero, a wild, remote beach that stretches as far as the eye can see. But they don't explore the side roads skirting hidden

lagoons, or cross inland streams blanketed with water hyacinths. It's like the difference between a "pipe-rack" suit and a tailor-made job.

It may be stretching a point to give credit for the health factor to our faithful sedan, but we didn't suffer the embarrassment of "tourist's disease" once during the entire trip. With our stock of canned provisions, fresh fruit, and bottled drinks handy in the trunk compartment, we were never faced with the alternatives of either eating at whatever restaurant happened to be handy or starving. In most cases we were in a picnic mood anyway. So it was no hardship to avoid the risk of uncooked vegetables and local dairy products. Most hotels have bottled water handy for drinking and brushing teeth, although on a couple of occasions we had to dig into our cocktail kit and whip the toothpaste into suds with bottled club soda.

It isn't stretching a point, though, to praise the car for helping us to find our dream home in Acapulco. Not that we weren't royally happy in our plush hotel suite, but we wanted to stretch the traveler's checks as far as possible. We had driven afield late one afternoon to admire the view from the Cerro de San Martín, a peak overlooking Caleta Beach, the blue Pacific, and palm-fringed La Roqueta Island. Almost at the summit, amid banana plants and flower gardens, perched a modern three-story building, the Montealegre.

Purely out of curiosity, we approached the amiable owner, a ruddy-faced Spaniard named Rubio, to ask the cost of such fabulous accommodations. To our amazement we learned that the apartment, with spacious bedroom, bath, kitchen, dining room, and balcony with a view, could be ours for sixty pesos per day. That included a maid to cook, clean, and do laundry, complete furnishings, utensils, tableware, bottled water, and a man to wash and polish the car and carry bundles. We did some fast arithmetic—\$4.80 per day, plus another two dollars (maximum) for food. We moved in within the hour.

All told, we relaxed in pampered luxury at Acapulco for a week and a half, instead of the three or four days originally planned. Our meals included such delicacies as shrimp, avocado and mango salads, and spicy *seviche*, made from fresh fish marinated in lime juice. And every day's pleasure was multiplied by our own six-cylinder magic carpet. We took spur-of-the-moment trips and shunted around the bits of Coney Island that seemed to have lured some of the tourists south. We drove *where* we wanted and left *when* we wanted. Best of all, we saved money by being unencumbered by organized tours, timetables, or advance reservations.

If our vacation on somebody else's wheels offers any moral, it can be summed up in a series of comparatives: There's no better way to see more of Mexico in less time and for less money. There is one disadvantage though, which we didn't discover until long after the vacation had mellowed into a memory. We made so many friends rambling around the countryside that we're having a devil of a time trying to keep up with our Mexican correspondence. ♦ ♦ ♦

Many new service stations aid motorists in Mexico. Gasoline is cheap, and rental agencies foot bill for insurance and repairs





# books

## BOOKS FOR THE TOURIST

DESPITE the perennial jokes about English and U. S. sightseers earnestly poring over their Baedekers and failing to notice all the truly memorable aspects of the countries they have come so far to see, few things can be more useful than a good guidebook to the average tourist—which includes everybody but the handful who combine extensive background information, local friends, unlimited time and money, and the ability to speak the language fluently. It enables him to be independent of the necessarily rigid schedules of the guided tour and yet not miss the chief places of interest (there's no point in studiously avoiding the "sights," for as a rule something there worth seeing made them so). It saves him from arriving at dusk in a village with no hotel, from buying his pottery in town "X" when pottery-making is the specialty of town "Y" just down the road, from living on hotel food because he doesn't know the reliable restaurants. If it is a really good guidebook, it tells him enough about history, geography, and culture to give meaning to what he sees and leads him to byways he would never have found by himself.

The operative word, of course, is "good." So far as traveling in Latin America is concerned, the U. S. tourist is—oddly enough—much better off in this respect than the Latin American. In the acutely travel-conscious United States, so many dependable guides to at least the more popular places have been published that it's all a matter of personal preference; moreover, much of the tourist information available on the spot is aimed at North Americans. What vitiates many authoritative and useful-seeming works published in the individual countries is that they are out of date, a particularly serious flaw in view of the rapidity with which Latin America is changing; for example, the classic *Guía Azul* (Blue Guide) to Lima, issued jointly by the Municipality and the Touring and Automobile Club of Peru, appeared in 1940. Frequently they are undated, which is worse, as in the case of the bilingual *Guía Turística de El Salvador* of the National Tourist Board, so it is impossible for the unwary to tell to what extent they are obsolete. The fault is not

all on one side, however—the two South American volumes of Sydney Clark's useful *All the Best in . . .* series, published by Dodd, Mead, date from 1940 and 1947; and the compact and very valuable *South American Handbook* published in London by Trade and Travel Publications, which despite the title deals with all of Latin America, is much less last-minute than its annual republication would suggest, for actually the data on the various countries are revised in rotation.

It is flying in the face of all this to recommend the *New World Guides to the Latin American Republics*, for the last edition was published in 1950. Yet they are the best single source of tourist information on Latin America as a whole in any language, and taken country by country are equal to most of the first-class individual guides. They are edited by Earl Parker Hanson, professor of geography at the University of Delaware, and published in three volumes (one on Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean and one each on eastern and western South America) by Duell, Sloan, and Pierce. The inadequacy for 1955 travelers of their information on hotels, restaurants, roads, and shops and the sketchiness of their maps is compensated for by the wealth of background material they offer and by their lack of the jaunty style that is the curse of so many U. S. guidebooks. The automobile club or national tourist office can provide substitutes for their out-of-date material on the larger centers; smaller centers are less likely to have changed beyond recognition.

As for more specialized guides, those on Mexico alone would make up a long bookshelf, so that it is only possible to mention a few of the most recent. A revised edition of Frances Toor's *New Guide to Mexico, Including Lower California* (Crown) appeared in December; earlier in 1954, *The Standard Guide to Mexico and the Caribbean*, by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin (Funk and Wagnalls), and *Tourist Guide to Mexico*, by G. M. Bashford (McGraw-Hill), were published. The last is extremely good on practical information, haphazard on background, and peppered with not-very-humorous asides. The latest revision of Sydney Clark's *All the Best in Mexico* is dated 1953, as is the companion volume on Central America,

a region for which it is much harder to find other useful guides. The Caribbean volume is dated 1954. Just out is Selden Rodman's *Haiti: The Black Republic* (Devon-Adair). A new, thorough guide to what the author insists on calling "the Paris of the South" is Stephen Streeter's *This Is Buenos Aires* (McBride), which however, contains some breezy generalizations that should be ignored. It is much longer since most other guidebook writers set foot anywhere in South America: Lyman and Ellen Judson's *Let's Go to Colombia* (Harper), Carleton Beals' *The Long Land: Chile* (Coward McCann), and William Russell's *The Bolivar Countries: Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela* (Longmans of Toronto) all date from 1949.

Guides available locally vary widely in quality and quantity. The best in each country are usually those issued by official agencies or unofficial organizations, such as the automobile clubs, interested in promoting tourism. Some are in English, some in the language of the country, some in both. Representative of the more ambitious of these are the *Guide of Uruguayan Tourism* of the Tourist Federation of Uruguay (1954); the excellent *Guía del Veraneante* of the State Railways of Chile (1953); the *Diccionario Turístico de Colombia* of the tourist office of the Colombian Ministry of Development (1953); and a guidebook published by the Bolivian Automobile Club

tourists, such as the weekly *Esta Semana—This Week of Mexico City*, the monthly *Buenos Aires a la Vista*, and the bilingual monthly *Guía Turística de Caracas*.

The quickest way for English-speaking tourists to bone up on background before leaving home is through the booklets of the Nation and City series published by the Pan American Union, which provide a helpful rundown on the history, economic picture, cultural life, and government of the OAS member nations and their capitals. Eleven countries to date have also been dealt with in the *Visit . . .* series of the PAU travel division. These convenient pamphlets regard the countries from the viewpoint of the tourist, and include the places he will want to see, practical data on transportation, entry and customs requirements, and so on—but no specific recommendations of hotels or shops—and reading lists for those whose interest goes beyond the tourist aspect. They are never more than two or three years old. These publications are for sale by the PAU publications and distribution division.

All the commercially published U. S. guides referred to are handled by booksellers in the United States, and many bookstores in the various Latin American cities carry the better-known volumes dealing with their country. The locally published volumes may be obtained from the organizations that prepared them, or, in the case of the smaller efforts and the periodicals, are distributed free by hotels. And a visit to the national tourist bureau or the automobile or touring club just to see what is available is always a good idea.—Betty Wilson.

## THE BRUSH OF FAULKNER

*A Fable*, William Faulkner's new novel, expresses through an obvious symbolism the confused hope and anguish of its author—and of a considerable group of human beings who think and feel as he does—before the tense, bellicose reality of the world today, in which there are spots where the word "peace" itself is suspect. The action unfolds in France during a week in May, 1918. On Monday a French regiment, disregarding an attack order given by its leader, General Gragnon, remains motionless in the trenches; the Germans follow the example, which spreads immediately to other sectors of the front, bringing about total paralysis of the war except for scattered artillery salvos. Faced with this extraordinary situation, a German general hastens to discuss with his French, English, and U.S. counterparts the need to resume the conflict to save the prestige of their respective armies and the interests of the politicians and businessmen backing the conflict. General Gragnon asks the Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies to execute his entire regiment and demands a summary court martial for himself. It is known that the disobedience was caused by a corporal in the French regiment and twelve companions, who are prosecuted. It is not revealed how the corporal succeeded in spreading his propaganda among the soldiers on both sides of the front, nor what were the bases of his argument. Like Christ during Passion Week, he is taken before the High Court, chided by the rabble, and betrayed by one of his twelve disciples; he partakes of a last supper, he witnesses the weakness of



Spanish-language guidebook published in Lima covers all South American countries

in 1952. But the prime example is the superlative *Guías de Viaje de la Argentina*—one volume on the northern part of the country, including the capital, and another on the South—published by the Automobile Club of Argentina. Similar in format to the AAA tour books, with magnificent street and road maps and many photographs, these books cover everything anyone could conceivably want to know while traveling in Argentina, down to the local flora and fauna. Unfortunately for many visitors, these come only in Spanish. An exceptionally useful privately produced volume in Spanish, embracing all of South America, is the *Guía Índice*, published annually in Lima by Enrique Garcíarena and sold everywhere by the travel agency Exprinter. In addition, current information is supplied by a number of periodicals for



another of the twelve who will later ask for the honor of returning to his companions. Of all the regiment, he alone will die on Friday between two thieves, be buried, and on Saturday morning his body will disappear from the tomb as the result (in this instance) of a bombardment during resumption of the war.

The symbolism, however, does not stop there. The corporal, Faulkner tells us, is the illegitimate son of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies, and after a complicated episode, his remains are those chosen to represent the French Unknown Soldier. At the end of the novel, the coffin of his father halts by his monument to receive final honors and also the last insult of one of the characters, who wanders through the novel serving as a link between its diverse primary and secondary themes. He represents modern man's confused anxiety to survive.

Other secondary incidents that are tied to the main action in a typically Faulknerian way include the theft of a race horse in the U.S. South. For the first time in Faulkner's extensive writings, the principal episodes and setting are placed outside the United States. This no doubt explains some of the apparent weaknesses of the novel in regard to background and the psychology of certain characters. On the other hand, Faulkner certainly did not intend to draw, as in his earlier novels, the realistic picture of a given portion of the earth and its inhabitants; rather, as the name of the work itself indicates, he wanted to tell us an ancient story with a new purpose, using technical means similar to those of the expressionist painters: describing the most important incidents of the Passion of Christ with modern characters, deliberately caricatured and distorted for emphasis. He employs the technique of Max Beckmann or, in our own part of the world, the macabre humor of José Clemente Orozco to give us his version of war and the Unknown Soldier. And, as also happens with the expressionist painters and the German initiators of literary expressionism—Gustav Meyring, for example—Faulkner does not hesitate to make the strongest caricatures of his fellow countrymen. Some of the "dirtiest" work of this retold Passion has been entrusted to Senegalese—the custody and the death of the corporal-Christ—and to North Americans—the assassination of General Gragnon, who, at the strange order of the Supreme Commander, must be killed secretly in order to have the corpse honored as though it had fallen in battle. This task is carried out by three young U.S. soldiers: a Brooklyn Jew, a Mississippi

Negro, and an Iowa farmer. In the novel, as in painting, caricature has the same expressive purpose, and, with the deliberate distortion of the essential outlines, denounces the horror camouflaged by deceitful heroics, revealing the deep reality of war and its protagonists.

However, expressionism never went beyond the denouncement of horror; nor can it discover the fundamental reason for wars or the best way to avoid them. So *A Fable* leaves us with the impression of a novel that has been notably late in coming. Late in the subject matter, which takes us, on the threshold of a Third World War, back to the First; late also in the expressionist technique that was born precisely on the eve of that first war and nourished on its horror and anguish. It would have been more normal for Faulkner to have given us his version of the war as Hemingway did in *A Farewell to Arms*, just after his return from it and before he plunged into his southern world. True, Faulkner published *Soldiers' Pay* three years before Hemingway's book, but war appears in it only as the cause of a conflict produced and developed in the United States.

*A Fable*, then, occupies a peculiar place in Faulkner's work, with a definite delay in regard to normal chronological sequence, but, on the other hand, consistent with the course of its author's thinking. Beginning with *Requiem for a Nun*, Faulkner showed an obvious desire to extend his message—expressing a deeper and more universal human anguish—far beyond the borders of Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County. This aim was made perfectly explicit in his words of December 1950 upon receiving the Nobel Prize, and was reiterated this year in statements made to the South American press when he attended the Writers' Congress in São Paulo, Brazil. Faulkner is addressing the entire world now, denouncing the physical fear that tortures humanity and that for him constitutes the great universal tragedy. At the same time he indicates the duty of the writer to reveal in his works the inexhaustible capacity of the human spirit for compassion, sacrifice, and survival. He wanted to tell us all this in *A Fable*, employing his usual vehicle, the novel, through the symbol of the Passion of Christ, so often used and abused. But the will to survive is nothing more than a natural, biological impulse unless accompanied by an organized and conscious purpose that looks ahead to the future. Since Faulkner has been unable, or has not wanted, to show us the route to the future, his latest novel stops at denunciation of the supreme stupidity of war as a means of settling international conflicts, and, among expressive sarcastic grimaces, reveals a clearly pacifist aim. It is not all that the anguish of modern man urgently demands, but it is undoubtedly important, in times like these of absurd war hysteria and distrust of the word "peace," for a top-ranking writer like William Faulkner to raise a warning voice. It is important for him to reiterate the unfulfilling will of Man to join with fraternal hands what fratricidal arms seek to divide so that universal peace will conquer destruction and death.—José Antonio Portuondo

*A FABLE*, by William Faulkner, New York, Random House, 1954. 437 p. \$4.75



Nobel Prize-winning novelist  
William Faulkner, author of  
*A Fable*

## SPANISH AMERICAN LITERATURE IN BRIEF

GOOD HISTORIES of Spanish American literature are not plentiful. The man who undertakes such a work must bring much to it: an abundance of information, which is difficult to obtain, on the literature of every one of the countries; a flexible critical faculty that will allow him to rise above the standards of other times and classify properly the courses and nature of the whole continent's literary production; and, finally, a discerning grasp of the historical process in these countries. Since such qualifications are rare, Spanish American literary historians, in an effort to avoid vagueness, incline as a rule toward studies that are very partial, or merely descriptive, or strictly limited chronologically, when they are not mere collections of biographies.

But I am not going to point out paths to follow. The fact is that with his *Historia de la Literatura Hispano Americana*, published in the "Breviarios" (Summaries) series of the Fondo de Cultura Económica, the eminent Argentine critic and professor Enrique Anderson Imbert has produced a compact 430-page text of rigorously modern cut and projections. In his preface, the author himself warns readers of the possible dangers to which the literary historian may succumb: those of "specializing in the study of masterpieces in isolation or . . . of the circumstances in which these works were written." Now let us see how he has avoided these pitfalls.

Dr. Anderson Imbert's plan divides our literary history into three periods—"The Colony," "A Hundred Years of the Republic," and "The Contemporary Era"—together with an appendix that comprises writers born between 1910 and 1930. Each of the chapters of which these sections are made up is preceded by notes on the historical background and the cultural trends. That is to say, in just a few lines the author gives us the salient characteristics of each period and thus avoids long explanatory digressions in the main text. Then there is his way of dealing with the question, Should this work be confined to the great figures, with the consequent risk of breaking the thread of history? For, according to Anderson Imbert, we have only twenty authors or so "who would do honor to any literature." Hence what interests him is simply "the reality that has been transmuted, well or badly, in [Spanish-language] literature." By the inclusion of second-rank writers, the high points of this literature of ours, so besieged by failures, frustrations, unrealized promises, and isolated fragments, are linked together.

More serious difficulties confronted Anderson Imbert in fixing divisions between periods. Within the large categories indicated above he has identified "certain generations, trying to correlate the external framework of political history and the esthetic trends." The criterion of "generations," which has aroused so many polemics of late years in the Spanish-speaking countries, is used by this author with great flexibility, without dogmatic strictness. Beginning with the second part of his book, each chapter groups loosely the writers born in a given period, but these periods are not necessarily those distinguished by other critics.

In both research data and novel viewpoints toward particular literary movements or specific writers, Anderson Imbert has some original contributions to make. The pages he devotes to historians and chroniclers of the Indies are both succinct and full of sage commentary on the works of this germinal period. His notes on the outstanding figures of the nineteenth century (Sarmiento, Montalvo, Jorge Isaacs, Martí, and others) are true essays in which he is never carried away with biographical data or pure erudition but makes his points and sets forth his judgments concisely, yet in a manner that reveals profound study and an experienced critical eye.

Enrique Anderson Imbert does not let slip the opportunity to establish certain constants of Spanish American letters that are indices and guideposts to our culture, to our collective existence. Thus, upon taking up the romantic period, he notes in chapter VI: "Characteristic of all the culture of Spanish America is the fact that its thinking is applied to the social scene and its literature is at the service of justice." There is no need to reiterate here how Spanish American letters have always taken a militant attitude in favor of the community's longings and ideals. This trait is responsible for certain esthetic shortcomings, but it injects an essentially emotional, lyrical, and civic content into our literature. Another question of fundamental importance is dealt with when Anderson Imbert speaks of gaucho literature. Faced with the problem "What is national literature?", he poses another question: "Is external description of language, clothing, customs, folklore, sufficient to entitle a literary work to be considered 'national'?"

This question becomes more insistent as Anderson Imbert approaches contemporary times, particularly in reference to narrative prose. Some critics observe that in the Argentine professor's work the "nativist" writers seem subordinated and debased. I do not agree. It must, indeed, be noted that the last chapters are stuffed with names, which hampers the necessary evaluation. But the author singles out merit wherever he finds it, whether in the "idealistic" or subjective writers or in those drawn to the surrounding reality. What is certainly true is that Anderson Imbert manifests a preference for the newer procedures and techniques, and so is unquestionably attracted by the "imaginist" writers more or less won over to universal themes.

Anderson Imbert's *Historia de la Literatura Hispano Americana* is more than just a *breviario*; it makes an excellent introduction to this field and constitutes an effective job of systematizing an extremely chaotic, disorderly literary production. The occasional deficiencies that finicking commentators may point out do not diminish the high quality of this history, the elegance of its style, or the perspicuity of its analysis.—Salvador Bueno

HISTORIA DE LA LITERATURA HISPANO AMERICANA, by Enrique Anderson Imbert. Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1954. 430 p.

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 22

(1) Copacabana. (2) Cartagena. (3) Uruguay. (4) Viña del Mar. (5) Acapulco. (6) El Salvador. (7) Cuban. (8) True. The Miami Beach Rumba. (9) Haiti. (10) Argentina.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### FOR ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS

Dear Sirs:

In the September 1949 issue of AMERICAS Scott Seegers wrote an article about Villavicencio, Colombia, and the llanos, entitled "The Other Side of the Mountains." I still have the magazine. The article so fired my imagination that I determined I would one day see those vast plains Mr. Seegers so aptly described. I have taken the longest step, and now the last jump is only a few minutes by air over the mountains from here.

I would like first to read more about the llanos. Could you tell me if there are any good books, printed in English, on the subject of the Colombian plains?

I have read Mr. Seegers' stories many times in AMERICAS, and I'd like to tell you how much I enjoy them. From my armchair in San Francisco I have made quite a few journeys through Latin America with him. Please thank him for his entertaining work.

John G. Kosack  
Bogotá, Colombia

Although plenty has been written in Spanish and German about the Colombian llanos, unfortunately we can suggest only three books in English that even make reference to those fascinating plains. Reader Kosack will find chapters on them in *East of the Andes and West of Nowhere*, by Nancy Bell Bates (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); *Let's Go to Colombia*, by Lyman and Ellen Judson (Harper & Brothers, New York); and *Colombia, Gateway to South America*, by Kathleen Romoli (Doubleday, New York). Aside from these, the Bulletin of the Pan American Union published articles specifically dealing with the Colombian llanos in its May 1937, March 1942, and June 1946 English issues.

### DANDELION FAN

Dear Sirs:

I have admired the beautiful photograph of dandelions on the back cover of your June 1954 issue . . . and would be interested in finding out more about these plants—whether they can be grown from seeds, and if so, whether I can obtain some seeds from you to plant in my garden.

Purísimo Pena Blanco  
Cienfuegos, Cuba

PAU agriculture experts assure us that the dandelion (*Taraxacum dens leone*) is a very common plant introduced from Europe that grows all over the Americas. In France and in some rural regions of the United States the leaves are used in salads; wine can be made from its flowers. Unfortunately, we can't send reader Pena any seeds—it's the wrong season. But if he looks around in Cuba, he is sure to find the local variety of dandelion.

### SECOND LANGUAGE FOR EVERYONE

Dear Sirs:

There must be many of your readers who know only their own native language. The following facts about Esperanto, the only successful international language in existence, may therefore interest them.

Esperanto has several elements in common with Spanish, French, English, and Portuguese, but is much easier to learn. It is a living language used by hundreds of thousands of people in the free world. It has been in use sixty-five years, and has its own literature, including regularly published periodicals. There are Esperantists in each of the twenty-one Pan American nations, North America having an estimated ten thousand. It is of special interest to note that Brazil issued a postage stamp in 1945 commemorating the tenth national Esperanto congress held in April of that year in Rio de Janeiro.

Even with its present limited use the effect of Esperanto, as a cultural tie between the people of the Americas, is marked and unmistakable. For example, although I know no national language other than English, I can easily communicate directly with

Esperantists in Quebec, Buenos Aires, or Rio de Janeiro.

This is a sample of Esperanto: *Esperanto estas la solvo de la problemo de internacia kompreno. Uzate depost 1887, Esperanto donas kapablon paroli kaj skribi libere kun la amerikaj landoj* (Esperanto is the solution to the problem of international understanding. In use since 1887, Esperanto makes it possible to speak and write freely throughout the American countries).

For free detailed information about Esperanto, the second language for everyone, write to: Esperanto League for North America (ELNA), 123 East 35th Street, Brooklyn 3, New York.

Adrian Hughes  
Publicity Director  
Esperanto League for North America  
476 S. Bailey Avenue  
Hillsboro, Oregon

### SHOPPING HOUNDS

Dear Sirs:

My wife and I will spend the months of December, January, and February in all the countries of Middle America (excepting Panama, which we have visited before), gathering material for a book to be entitled *Shopping South of the Border*, similar to our *Shopping Guide to Europe* published last spring by Harper & Brothers. We shall lay stress on the arts and crafts of each country, giving particular attention to the paintings and sculpture of the younger artists. We would be grateful if you would publish this letter in your magazine so that interested parties can get in touch with us on our arrival. From December 6 on, for about a month, our address will be the Hotel Reforma, Mexico, D.F. From there we go on to Guatemala for about three weeks and thence to the other countries.

David and Marian Greenberg  
Hopewell Junction, N.Y.

### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Joseph Born Kadane (S, E, F)  
73 Porterfield Place  
Freeport, New York

Rosendo Ambrós Fainé  
(E, S, P, F, Italian)  
Farrán 37  
Castellbell y Vilàr  
Prov. de Barcelona, Spain

Morris Levenson (E, S)  
P.O. Box 6851  
Philadelphia 32, Pennsylvania

Luis J. Martín (S, Esperanto)  
Avda. Eva Perón 352  
San Luis, Argentina

Raquel Bogo (E, S)  
V. Loreto 2538  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Glaucio M. Couto de Mendonça  
(E, S, P, F)  
Avenida Raul Soares, 505  
Matias Barbosa (EFCB),  
Minas Gerais, Brazil

Maria Amélia Meneses (E, P)  
Av. Arango Pinho 35, Canela  
Salvador, Bahia  
Brazil

Franz Schlude (E, S, F)  
Rua Batista de Oliveira, 1145  
Juiz de Fora, Minas Gerais  
Brazil

Ross Fraga (E, S)  
Congreso 1677  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dorothy Cook (E, S)  
78 Fairview Plaza  
Los Gatos, California

Salvatore R. Bruno (E, S)  
3856 Lassen Drive  
Pittsburg, California

Antonio Otero Morales (E, S, F)  
B. de L.  
23 y 32 Vedado  
Havana, Cuba

Rhoda Lee Witkoff (E, S)  
1940 Pheland Place  
Bronx 53, New York

Horacio A. Terrizzano (E, S, Italian)  
Sánchez de Bustamante 1754,  
Dpto. "B"  
Buenos Aires, Argentina



## CONTRIBUTORS



HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, author of "Continent in Miniature," has played a leading role in Martha's Vineyard affairs since 1920, when, with his wife, Elizabeth Bowie Hough, he became editor and publisher of that classic weekly newspaper the *Vineyard Gazette*. Born in nearby New Bedford in 1896, Mr. Hough graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism in 1918, then entered Navy Intelligence in Washington. Twenty-four years later his alma mater awarded him its Medal for Excellence.

Prominent in educational, medical, and religious activities on the island, he was co-author of the 1917 Pulitzer Prize-winning *History of Services Rendered by the American Press*.

PILAR LAÑA SANTILLANA and CATALINA CASSINELLI, who tell us about their country's hotels in "Your Home in Peru," had previously collaborated on a popular guidebook, *Lima, the Historic Capital of South America*. Miss Cassinelli has written a biography of Fray Martín de Porres and a novel about the Peruvian jungle entitled *Tiempo Seco* (Dry Season); Miss Laña Santillana has also dealt with the jungle in her book *Más Allá de la Trocha* (Beyond the Trail). In addition she won the Ricardo Palma national literary prize in 1949 for her novel about the Peruvian mountains, *En el Valle de Huánchar* (In Huánchar Valley), and has published a volume of poems. Her book of short stories *Para una Noche de Invierno* (For a Winter Night) appeared recently.

WILLIAM SAROYAN, who wrote the short story "Art, or On Account of Orozco," needs no introduction, for his contribution to U.S. letters is internationally recognized. October 15, 1954, marked the twentieth anniversary of the publication of his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories*. Since that initial work, he says, "I have written and published in just about all forms, including verse (or poetry, as you will), song, public letter, private letter, essay, book review, comment, story, novel, play (theater, radio, television). In short, writing is my work." He is the father of an eleven-year-old son, Aram, whom he describes as "indeed a big boy... more so inwardly than outward, although he is not small by any means," and of a small daughter. Although he is usually associated with Fresno, California, his home town, Mr. Saroyan resides today at Malibu. Drawings accompanying his story are by the California artist DON FREEMAN, who often illustrates Mr. Saroyan's work.

In "Argentina à la Carte," the Buenos Aires critic JAIME POTENZE departs from his more customary realm—the theater—to discuss the gustatory delights of his native land. "However," he modestly insists, "I am not really a gourmet, although my weight might suggest that I am." Mr. Potenze is a critic for *Criterio* magazine and correspondent for *Cinema* of Rome and the *Revue Internationale*.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

du *Cinéma* of Brussels. He has been a judge for the International Catholic Film Office at the International Film Festivals in Punta del Este, Uruguay, and is the author of several books on dramatics.



While he was a foreign service officer in Brazil, ROBERT A. CHRISTOPHER saw the exotic pagan rites he describes in "The Sacred Waters of Oxalá." A major in Latin American affairs at Yale, specializing in Brazil and the Portuguese language, he left the university during the war to serve in the field artillery but returned to Old Eli to graduate in 1947. Next he headed for Bahia, then did a stint as executive assistant to the U.S. Ambassador at Rio, and went on to economic reporting at the consulate in Madras, India. Mr. Christopher now lives in Minneapolis, where he is a foreign-travel counselor in the local auto club and the Minnesota State Automobile Association.



ESTHER and WILBUR CROSS spend one month each year traveling. In their wanderings they discovered the advantages of renting a car, which they deal with in "Drive-It-Yourself in Mexico." Now a housewife, Mrs. Cross has in the past been

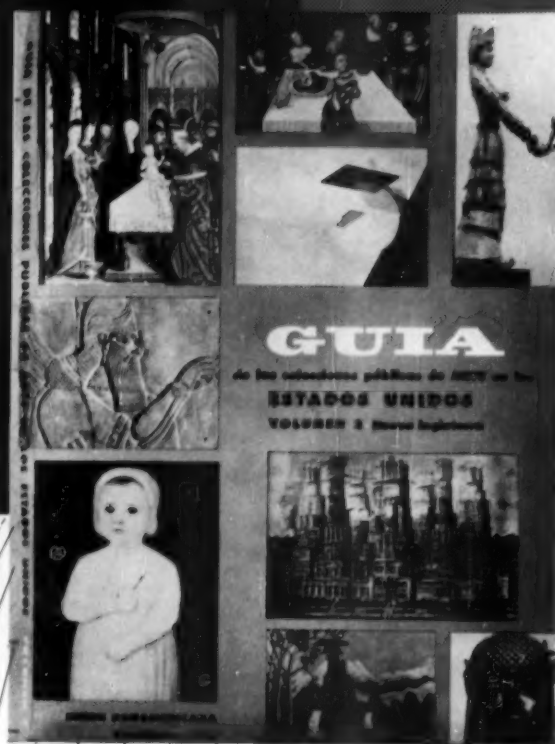
zone manager for a cosmetic firm and a professional model. Mr. Cross, an advertising and promotional writer, works for *Life* magazine and is a free-lance writer-photographer on the side. Their next assignment will take the Crosses to Costa Rica as guests of the National Tourist Board.

On his way to the U.S.S.R. in 1936, AMERICAS assistant editor WALLACE B. ALIC contracted a form of dysentery in the port of Tallinn, Estonia. Some years later in Bogotá, he became ill from overeating at high altitude, and, on a Saturday night in 1940, came down with a memorable case of food poisoning in the town of Lake, Idaho. Since his not inconsiderable travels have left him comparatively unscathed, he is glad to suggest to others "How to Keep Healthy While Traveling," but emphasizes that he couldn't have advised without the help of Dr. Frederick J. Brady of the U.S. Public Health Service and of Dr. Alfredo Bica of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau.

In the book section, JOSÉ ANTONIO PORTUONDO, professor of esthetics and literature at the University of Oriente in Santiago, Cuba, discusses William Faulkner's newest novel, *A Fable*. Another Cuban, critic SALVADOR BUENO, considers *Historia de la Literatura Hispano Americana*, by Enrique Anderson Imbert.

Opposite: Jagged peaks of San Rafael Glacier in southern Chile rise more than fifty feet above the water





## TO INTRODUCE ART COLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES TO LATIN AMERICAN ARTISTS, STUDENTS, AND VISITORS

A guide in Spanish to U.S. collections of art open to the public, by José Gómez-Sicre, Chief, P.A.U. Visual Arts Section. Describes the art treasures—ancient, Renaissance, 19th century, or modern; Oriental, European, African, American—to be found in many small galleries as well as in the big well-known museums. Volume 2 covers the whole New England region from Connecticut to Maine. Richly illustrated with reproductions of 133 pieces from 48 museums. 175 p. \$1.50. (Also available, Vol. 1, Eastern seaboard from Florida to New York City. \$1.50.) Order from: Division of Publications, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.